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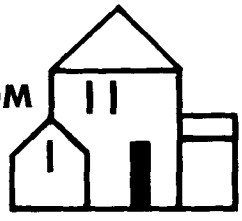

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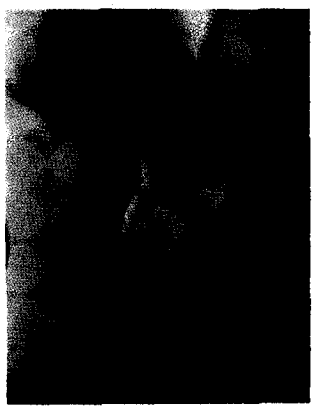

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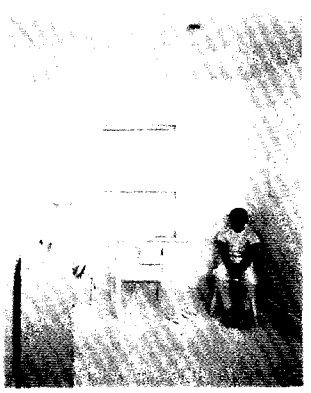
3 Cocktail Chatter

4 Autistic Child

5 Mother and Child

6 Human Sexuality

7 Girl in the Attic



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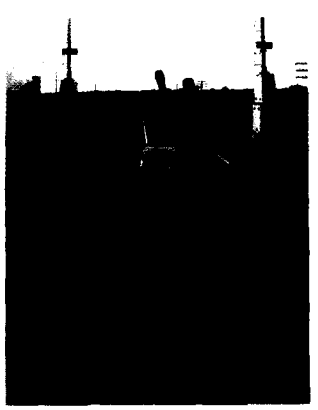

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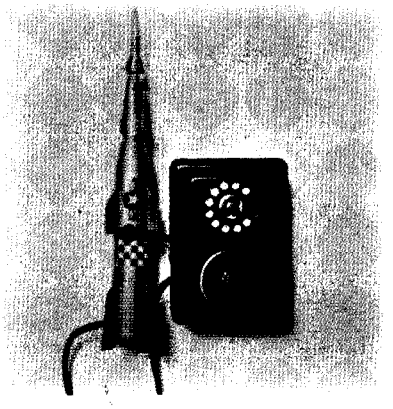

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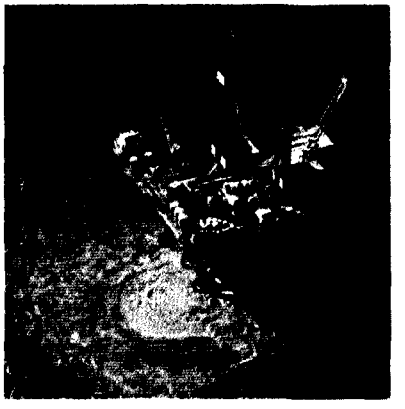

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Indexed in Readers' Guide
to Periodical Literature

Back volumes available from University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan

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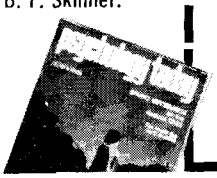

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PICASSO'S ENGRAVI

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after–and possibly scandalous–work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life–and therefore no art–has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully–or joyfully–portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's life-long friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of *ten million dollars.* This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking ...amazing...extraordinary...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astonishing...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Sun-Times: "A great surprise package...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that the editors of **Avant-Garde** announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed **Avant-Garde** as the sole proscenium for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes, the editors of **Avant-Garde** have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of **Avant-Garde**–64 pages–will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique paper stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly produced issue of **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of **Avant-Garde** are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

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Copies of this special collector's edition of Avant-Garde will not be offered for sale to the general public. They are being given away–free –as a gift to all new subscribers to Avant-Garde.

In case you've never heard of **Avant-Garde**, let us explain that it is the most beautiful–and daring–magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as *the* outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from **Avant-Garde**'s editorial policy of *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression.* **Avant-Garde** steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is "Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils"). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to **Avant-Garde** their most uninhibited–and inspired–works. **Avant-Garde** serves–consistently–as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is "too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." **Avant-Garde** is proud of its reputation as the wild game sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to **Avant-Garde** include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Andrew Wyeth, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Phil Ochs, Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Karl Menninger, Carl Fischer, Paul Krassner, Andy Warhol, Eliot Elisofon, Warren Boroson, Peter Max, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Richard Lindner, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.J. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Ashley Montagu, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, Harper Lee, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.

Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over **Avant-Garde**. "Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! **Avant-Garde** has arrived bearing mind-treasures of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "**Avant-Garde** is guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "**Avant-Garde** is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science–and sex," says The New York Times. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "**Avant-Garde**'s articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the East Village Other. "Off-beat, arty, sexy," says the New York Daily News. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "**Avant-Garde** is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

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Part II

The Black Moochie

A Novella by Eldridge Cleaver

WHAT DID I KNOW? The sun hung bright in a hazy sky over Rose Hill. Nothing stirred during the day except the tortured housewives, salesmen, milkmen, mailmen, occasional policemen, little children and the hustlers. I wasn't really hitting on anything. I was far from conquering the world, yet I didn't feel at its mercy. It was as though I had stepped outside the world, outside the system. I was not caught up in anybody's program or plan. In those days the world looked like a huge, swiftly spinning merry-go-round. And I was not on it; I was not running it. I didn't know who controlled it, how it worked, or what its mechanism was. This was the source of my humiliation—that I was failing, that I could not see my way to mastering this merry-go-round.

I was lying on my side, on the grass beneath a tree, watching the merry-go-round in its spin. I was drunk with a loathing

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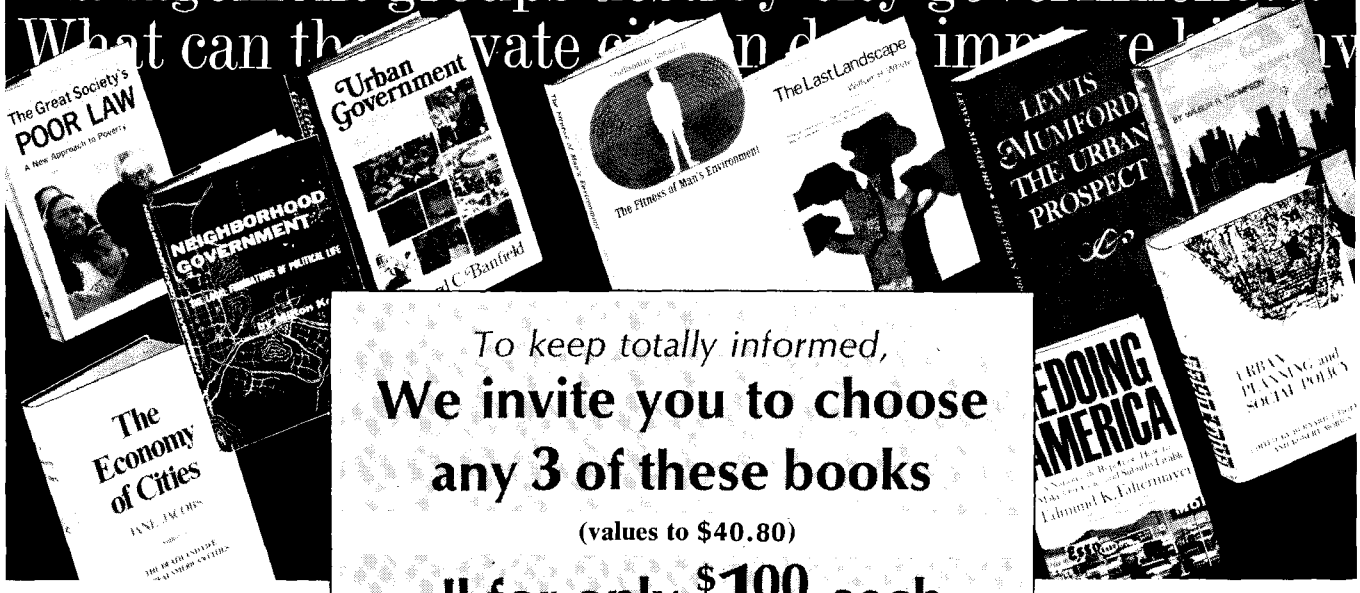
Will better housing provoke more riots??? Do we secretly approve of poverty??? Will neighborhood management groups destroy city government???



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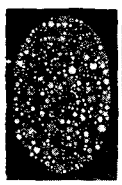

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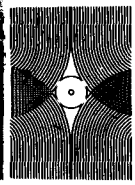

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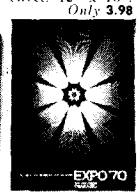

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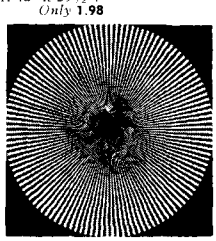

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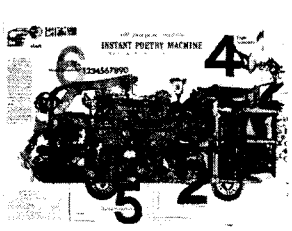

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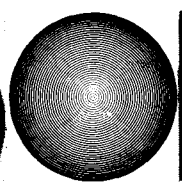

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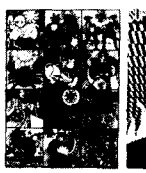

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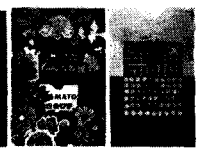

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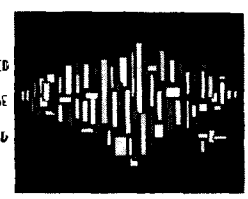

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P871. Lorin Gillette: LOVE. Couple embracing against a background of sea and sand. 17¼" x 21½". *Only* **1.98**

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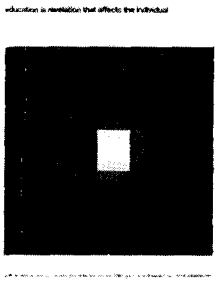

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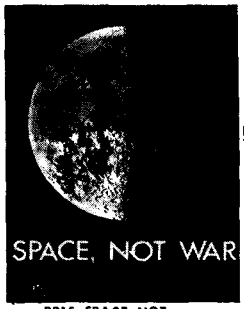


P215. SPACE, NOT WAR. Superbly detailed moon photo in black and white. 16⅞" x 21⅜". *Only* **1.00**

P211. Peter Max: MOON TRIPPING. A Peter Max Apollo 11 commemorative in iridescent pastels against a moon photo. 36" x 24". *Only* **1.98**

P212. Peter Max: FROM THE MOON. Apollo 11 commemorative in iridescent pastels against an earth photo. 36" x 24". *Only* **1.98**

P845. BANK by WARHOL. Delightful painted pig, "Pretty as a pigtail!"— superb photo-color fidelity right down to the bristles, in shades of red, blue, purple, yellow, beige. 45" wide x 30" high. *Special* **3.95**

P195. MAILER for MAYOR OF NYC. Full color Mailer-Breslin poster—map of NYC as the 51st STATE. 24" x 36½". *Special* **1.98**

P148. Hug: TIGER. *On canvas* -lithographed in brown tones and yellows 28" x 22". *Only* **5.95**

P849. Durer: THE KNIGHT, DEATH & THE DEVIL (1513). Large, handsome reproduction of the famous Durer etching in sepia on white art stock. 21" x 26¾" high image area. *Special* **2.98**

P987. DON'T TRIP. Warning, over a handsomely rendered banana peel: shades of green & banana yellow. 22" x 35". *Special* **1.49**

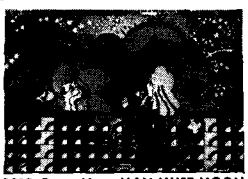
P159. LE SOLEIL—Tarot Card XVIIII. "The Sun," 19th card of arcana; mustard green & blue. 24¼" x 37¾". *Special* **1.00**

P220. INNOCENCE IS INVULNERABLE. John and Yoko in dayglo chartreuse, purple, orange and black. 19¼" x 26⅜". *Only* **1.98**

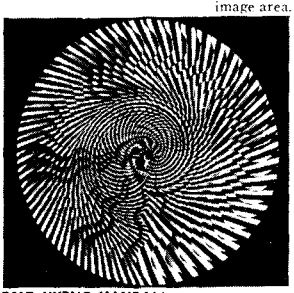
P983. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, Opening night 1883. Gounod's FAUST with Campanini, Novara & Nilsson. 12"x 16". *Only* **1.00**

P881. BARBARELLA. Jane Fonda as *Barbarella* in a striking pose, in full color. 29¼" wide x 53" high. *Only* **1.00**

P648. Chagall Poster. European gallery exhibition —in color on heavy stock. 20" x 30". *Only* **1.00**



P213. Peter Max: MAN MUST MOON. "I believe that the cosmic religious sense is one of the strongest and noblest motives behind scientific research," Einstein; Apollo 11 commemorative in iridescent pastels. 36" x 24". *Only* **1.98**



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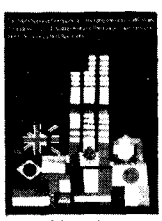

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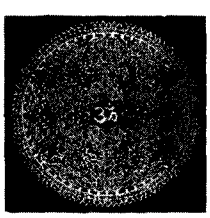

P119. OM MANDALA. Sacred Hindu meditation symbol in gorgeous deep greens and gold, on heavy stock. 24" square. *Only* **1.98**

P922. VIVA CHAVEZ—VIVA LA HUELGA. California Grape Workers Benefit; subdued brown, green, red. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P984. RIGOLETTO: Metropolitan Opera Poster. Debut of Enrico Caruso, 1903, with Sembrich, Homer, Scotti, Journet. 12" x 16" *Only* **1.00**

P879. Picasso: TOREADOR. White line drawing on matte black background. 26" x 35". *Only* **1.49**

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P219. CREATION OF BUTTERFLIES. Flashing dayglo hues of yellow, orange, cerise, blue and green on matte black. 23⅝" x 25⅝". *Only* **1.98**

P218. NAVAJO OP. Op art in Navajo blankets dayglo cerise, chartreuse, green, yellow,orange & black. 22¾" x27⅞". *Only* **1.98**

P112. FROGS. Dayglo cerise, orange, chartreuse, blue, green on matte black. 29" square. *Only* **1.98**

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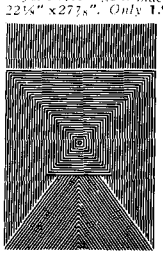
P130. TOM THUMB. Dayglo greens, reds & yellows on a blue background. 21¼" x 27" image area. *Special* **1.98**

P214. Peter Max: MAN ON THE MOON: Apollo 11 commemorative poster in beautiful pastels on a space-black background. 36" x 24". *Only* **1.98**

P985. MADAMA BUTTERFLY: Metropolitan Opera First *Performance* Poster. Farrar, Homer, Caruso. 12" x 16". *Only* **1.00**

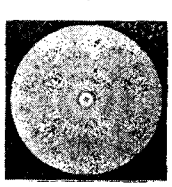


P756. Housman: GATES OF HELL. Dantesque gates in vibrant dayglo colors; psychedelic reds, greens. 25" x 38". *Only* **1.00**

P832. SPECULUM MUNDI, 1558. In shades of red, blue, green & gold on heavy parchment-toned paper. 23" x 32". *Special* **1.98**

P201. THE LONG PASS. Bob Cunningham painting for the NY Jets biography from the Terrible Titans to Bdwy Joe Namath; full color. 14½" x 30". *Only* **3.95**

P120. BOB DYLAN. In black with dayglo chartreuse highlights, and intricate background in dayglo red & orange. 20¾" x 30⅝". *Only* **1.98**



P121. MANDALA OF THE MAGNIFICENT. Silkscreened in dayglo cerise with blue, purple & gold. 34" square. *Only* **2.98**

P859. CATTLE BARON. Full color inspiration to break the dull steak habit. 24" x 36". *Only* **1.00**

P988. SOME BELIEVE . . . IN THE ANGELS. Slogan in mauve on a silver helmet, 22" x 35". *Only* **1.00**

P191. THE PILL is a NO-NO. Brown & yellow-beige. 11½" x 17½". *Only* **1.00**

P666. CHIQUITA BANANA. In ripe banana yellow. 19" x a 48¾" banana high. *Special* **1.00**

P665. Klee: SENECIO. Hues of red, pink, yellow, cream and burnt orange. 15¾" x 17". *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

P785. Lautrec: CONFETTI. Lively *belle époque* poster, famous yellow and yellow-orange. 20" x 28" on heavy stock. *Only* **1.00**

P921. LOVE. Psychedelic swirls of matte tones, subdued reds, blue, purple, yellow, green, black. 42½" x 31⅝". *Only* **3.98**

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for my own impotence. In my fantasy I saw, inside the City Hall, a huge room which I called, for whatever obscure, private reason, "the Map Room." In the Map Room, in the center of the Map Room, was a large table on which there was a big, ten-layer cake in the shape of Los Angeles County. Gathered round the table were 13 fat, greedy white businessmen and politicians. The Mayor, City Councilmen, County Supervisors, the Police Chief, the Sheriff, the President of the Chamber of Commerce and a Cardinal. The President of the C of C wielded the knife. A Negro in a khaki uniform, well starched and tailor-made, stood beneath the table with a broom and dustpan, catching the crumbs and dumping them into a large stainless steel barrel. His job was to see to it that not a crumb hit the floor. His incentive was that all the crumbs he caught belonged to him; he could take them home to his wife and 69 children.

"Cut me a larger piece," the Mayor said in a whining voice. He was hunched up to the table, an unctuous look on his face.

"If I give you a larger piece," said the President of the Chamber of Commerce, "there won't be enough to go around."

The President continued slicing up the cake, working swiftly, shoveling it out. He gave a huge slice to the Chief of Police and a smaller slice to the Sheriff. The Sheriff wore a sullen look, but he didn't speak out in protest as the Mayor had; he drew up into a tight little knot and slinked off into a corner to gobble down his share. He looked around craftily, as if he had something up his sleeve, as if he didn't have anything to worry about and would get even in the end.

Superimposed upon this picture, but down in the lower left-hand corner, was a scene of six Negroes crowded around a pool table, shooting pool. All wore sullen scowls on their faces. The jukebox blared the blues in the background. A girl, naked except for a red ribbon through her hair, huge golden earrings and another red ribbon worn lasciviously over her vagina at right angles to her cleft, and wearing red high-heel slippers, twisted and turned to the music, sending undulating waves of erotic rhythm through the room. The pool player whose turn it was to shoot stepped forward into the circle of light. His face was a hideous composite: he resembled every black man I had ever known. In his face I could see myself, my father, my uncles, my brothers; I could see John, Bobby, Buster; I could see Joe Louis, General Banks. With a vicious succession of plunges with the cue, he sent the balls crashing into the pockets with thunderous cracks. Looking at the two pictures—of the Map Room in City Hall and the Pool Room in the City Dump—it seemed as if the movements of the people in each were synchronized. At the same time that the President of the Commerce Chamber sliced off a piece of cake with the knife, the Big Mo plunged forward with his pool cue. And every time Stella made a movement with her body, the Cardinal would sprinkle Holy Water over a guest, ring a little silver bell or wave the heavy, golden, jewel-encrusted crucifix which hung around his neck.

The Cardinal wandered perpetually through the Map Room, sprinkling Holy Water, smiling and waving his cross. When the President of the Commerce Chamber offered him a piece of cake, he looked offended and refused vigorously, thrusting the proffered slice of cake aside. He went on sprinkling the guests with Holy Water and ringing the bell. Everyone smiled, including the Chief of Police. Instead of giving the slice of cake which the Cardinal had refused to another guest, the President walked over into a dark corner to a little black table where a silver tray rested on an immaculate white silk napkin, and laid the slice of cake on this tray. It seemed like the natural thing to do, as if the table and silver tray had been placed there precisely for that purpose.

The Negro beneath the main table had his eyes on that juicy slice of cake. He felt that he had dibs on it. He resolved to wait until there was a lull at the main table, rush over, scoop up the slice of cake from the silver tray, and dump it into his stainless steel receptacle. Self-satisfied, he felt that he had a perfect plan. After waiting a bit, he decided that his chance had come. He laid down his dustpan and broom and was just preparing to dash over when he saw the Cardinal stop at the table, gently set his Holy Water and bell down, reach beneath his red tunic, pull out a plastic bag and with a few swift motions scoop up the slice of cake. In one continuous motion, he broke the slice of cake in half, wrapped one half in the plastic bag and concealed it under his tunic. Then he plunged the other half into his mouth and chewed vigorously. After a moment, he picked up the vessel of Holy Water and raised it to his lips. He washed the cake down with Holy Water, almost emptying the vessel. Then, mumbling in Latin, he began picking the crumbs off the silver tray, putting each crumb on the tip of his unusually long tongue. He didn't leave a single crumb on the tray.

Just as he picked up his silver bell, he noticed the Negro beneath the table staring at him like a frozen statue, with open mouth and wide bug eyes. The Cardinal, shaken by the intensity and surprise of the stare but quickly recovering, smiled at the Negro and, tossing a few drops of Holy Water his way, tinkled his bell in the Negro's direction and resumed his itinerary around the room. At the sound of the bell, the Negro snapped back to reality, shaking his head in bewildered disappointment as though he still did not believe what his eyes had seen. He concluded that he must have been dreaming. He picked up his dustpan and broom and, after carefully sweeping up a small pile of crumbs that had accumulated while he was preoccupied with the slice of cake on the silver tray, resumed catching the last of the crumbs as they fell. He worked with more enthusiasm than ever, glad that the party was about over so that he could be getting home to his wife and children.

On the wall, witty sayings:

God And I Are One—Cardinal Spareendtire.

Let Them Eat Cake—Marie Antoinette.

God Uses Cost Accounting In His Battle With Satan—Charlie Wilson.

WE DID WHAT WE HAD TO in the ways that we knew. We took what we wanted whenever we could. The street light was a marvel. Sewers were out of sight. The cops cruised by with a case of hips. We'd see them, and even when we had committed no crime we shunned them, because just being who we were was a crime in their eyes. They had black and white cars—these L.A.P.D. boys—so we called them the Black and Whites to distinguish them from the narcotics officers and detectives whose cars were unmarked. Somehow we feared the Black and Whites less. We watched them for traffic violations, but for the rough stuff, we looked out for the bulls in plain clothes.

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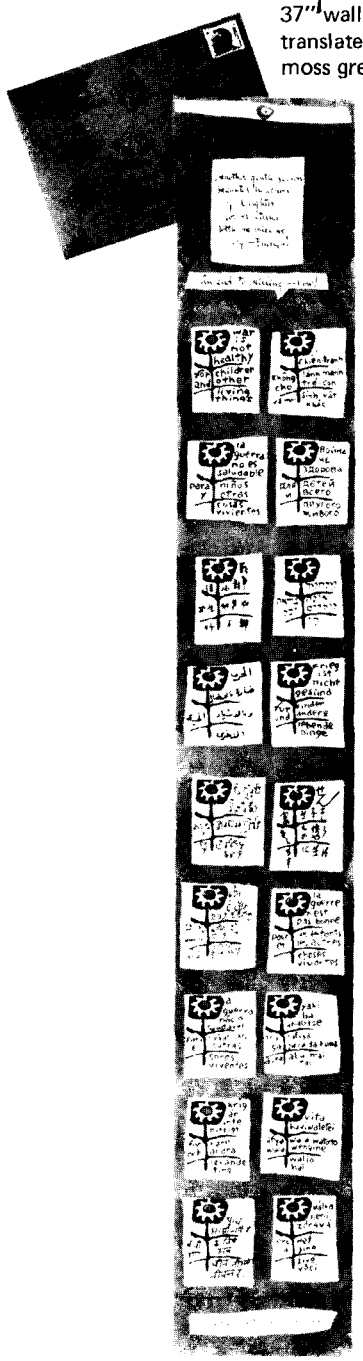

Verse on Card

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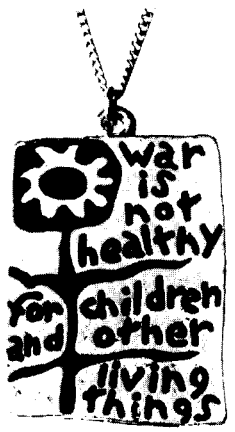
An end to killing—now!



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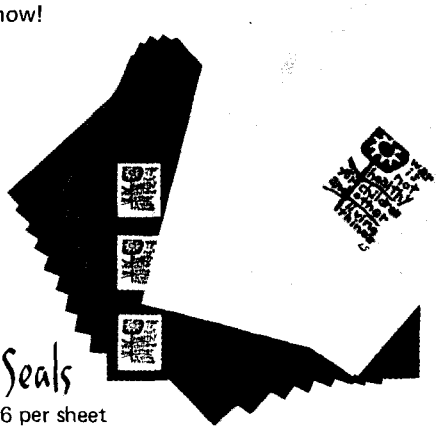

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Shames

We did not do these things; rather, they were done to us. But we felt guilty. Our terror was knee deep. We walked in a fog. Nowhere was there a way out. We grew up, grew older, and kept a keen eye out for a chance to move toward the future. We have played this cold role. Seldom in history has a people been called upon to perform these heroics. We made something out of nothing. We learned the wisdom in the sayings that "The shade of a toothpick beats the hot boiling sun," that "A drowning man would reach for a straw," and that "A nigger's freedom is in his mind." Even if we had expected or desired a pat on the back, there was none forthcoming. What we got was more hell. So we learned to boast of it. We owe these devils nothing, we would say. A white man has no rights which a black man is bound to respect, i.e., the slavemaster has no rights which the slave is bound to respect. We had a unique problem, and a unique problem requires a unique solution. So we bored into the mud of North America and waited for something unique to come along.

Fruitie was unique. First of all, she was skinny, with bony legs that were always either ashy or shiny. Her teeth looked like they had been shaken up in the cup of two hands and then tossed into her mouth all at once, sticking out in whatever way they landed. Kissing her was like trying to kiss a cactus apple—which was her price. To fuck her, you had to suck her tongue first. Torture. This titless girl. The only thing good about her was her juicy, warm glove of a cunt. Once you got it in, you forgot all about her wild teeth and flat chest. She had a way of rolling her ass on your rod that made you close your eyes and just let go. It was then that she could really get you to suck her tongue or even kiss those faint rises of flesh on her chest that were her tits. Fruitie was unique.

On the train from Arkansas to Phoenix there were only me, Helen, Wilhelmina and maybe James. We ran out of food. The porters were supposed to feed us according to a deal they had made with daddy, who was working on the railroad then, but on another line. A white lady sitting in a seat across from us gave us chicken. I no longer feel the pain of that day's hunger, but at the time I must have really been in pain, because I've learned how hateful hunger can be. And it was a five or six day ride from Little Rock to Phoenix. These people were taking care of business. The war was going on. Here we were, a few among thousands, in the great population shift of hundreds of thousands pouring out of the South heading West for jobs, for opportunities in California. Later, people would taunt each other that Kaiser had brought them out of the big foot country. All those wide-eyed people staring at each other, into those mute faces, seeking some hint of a future anticipated with a growing terror.

When I looked around, it seemed like there were orange trees lined up neatly along the sidewalk on both sides of the street, from horizon to horizon, each tree decorated with golden fruit like off-color Christmas trees. But this must have been the workings of my youthful mind. The Union Station is where we got off the train from Phoenix, Arizona. That our luggage got lost was only to be expected. As far as our family was concerned, all had been lost for some time now. Mother was pregnant in a black dress. She had red shoes on, garish like the country woman of her being. A high-yeller belle from Little Rock, Arkansas, by way of Phoenix. But she was game, pregnant or not. She found our bags, trunks, boxes, and got us all loaded in a cab, and there was daddy with a truck. Just like that: one minute we were lost in a chaos that seemed too far gone to reclaim, and then the next minute we were in a cab breezing down Central Avenue. Magic was possible in those days. The next minute we were carrying our things into a house. Then mother was taking me to school the first day, where the boys teased me about my bangs and because I said "over yonder" and "chunk me the ball." They said I was "countrified." I had to fight them to prove I was human. When they saw that I knew how to bloody their noses, they showed me their teeth in smiles and showed me how to get my bangs cut down to L.A. size.

It was in that house that music came alive for me. Before that, music may not even have existed. Songs like "I Wonder," by Cecil Gant, never stopped playing. These Negro blues swept into my soul and excited the very core of my being. I had found an anchor for one corner of my life. Since then, these sounds have never ended for me.

Gladys ran that house. She rented space by the room. Everybody who had a room to spare rented it to the thousands of Negroes pouring into the East Side each month. The devils would not let them live anywhere else. Negroes were channeled onto the South Los Angeles Reservation like oil being pumped into a dumping ground. Gladys was always arguing and cursing with somebody, threatening to kill somebody, screaming at somebody to cut down their radio or record player. Everyone was always running through the house screaming and cursing. The rooms were separated by curtains slung across the doors. You might be eating and a woman would run through naked and screaming, a man running behind her with a long knife in his hand. "We got to move out of here, Leroy," Mother told daddy time after time. "This place is driving me crazy!" Or

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sometimes you'd walk through someone's room and see them on the bed intertwined and grooving in the heat of their grinding. They'd pause long enough for you to pass through and as you secured the curtain behind you, you'd hear the bed start squeaking again as they tried to catch up to where they'd been before you interrupted them.

The Coca Cola Bottling Company on Central Avenue looked like a big battleship on the ground. There were portholes in the walls. We'd pass by and look in at the men working. The building was long and smooth and new. Everything else was ragged and falling down. On Sundays we'd go to the Rosebud Theater on Central Avenue, or to the Jinx Theater. Or, to splurge, we'd go to the Lincoln Theater. At night they played Keno, and silver dollars were to be won if you were lucky. The black people were all around you, making lots of beautiful black people's noise, raising hell. Fights broke out in the balcony. Girls screamed in the dark. Cigarette smoke curled up through the lights streaming from the movie projectors. People were constantly coming and going.

On Sundays, Negroes would dress up and walk up and down the street looking at each other. It was like a parade or carnival. Cars filled with black, brown and yellow faces drove up and down the Stem, music blasting from their radios. Juke-boxes blasted different songs back to back. You could walk from one end of the Stem to the other and never be beyond the sound of music, black voices screaming out the blue funk of black lives. The Stem. Central Avenue. The different lives I've led on the Stem and the lives taken from me by the Stem. These lives lie upon one another like layers of skin, floors of a skyscraper, tiers of a cellblock, layers of a tall cake. These years and these days, changing hourly, are the icing between each layer, and my present self is spread over the top like blood trickling down an obsolete wall, soaking into the sod of me on the bottom.

PAT MOORE'S SHOP WAS UPSTAIRS, over the Club Alabam. I wanted my hair gassed, so Chester took me to Pat Moore's, complaining every step of the way that I was a fool. I wanted to please Lupe. I was 17, Lupe was 26—a woman over the flip little girls I'd been catching up till her. I wanted to impress her with how slick a cat I was. Pat Moore sat me in the barber's chair and draped a sheet over my shoulders, like a KKK man without his hood. Then he started greasing me down, spreading a thick gooey muck over my skin along the hairline, then rubbing it into my scalp to protect the flesh from the violent action of the hair-straightening chemicals he was about to apply. "If it gets too hot and burns more than you can stand, jus' hollar," Pat said. Taking a rubber spatula, he began slapping the gas onto my head in big [illegible]ey lumps, like a woman slapping lard into a hot skillet. Taking a comb, he slowly worked the gas into my hair, inserting the comb at the front of my head and pulling it straight back along the curve of my skull to the end of my hair at the base of my neck.

Soon the comb was running through my hair without any opposition from the kinks. In a moment every last kink had been murdered outright, and each strand of my hair was stretched out on my head like an elongated corpse on a barroom floor. "You be looking like Rudolph Valentino in a minute," Pat said. The shit was beginning to burn my skull, but I didn't say anything. I wanted to leave it in as long as I could, because I had been schooled to the fact that, up to a certain crucial point, the longer you left the gas in, the straighter your hair became. If you left it in beyond that crucial point, then the acids and lye in the gas would eat all the hair off your head, would eat all the skin off, in fact theoretically it could eat your whole head off, bone and all. "O.K., Pat," I said, bolting from the chair at last. "Get this shit out quick, man." Pat led me to the sink and bent my head over it. Using a little green hose with a spray nozzle attached to it, he rinsed and washed and rinsed my head until every last trace of the gas was washed away, leaving a crop of weird-looking hair standing all over my head. (Looking back, these strands of hair impress me as the perfect metaphor for the anarchy existing among so-called Negroes in America. Each strand was a stranger to the other; each stood alone. They resembled a mob rather than an organized mass. Each strand seemed to be stumbling around blindly, seeking its true identity, seeing nothing of itself in the strands around it.) Pat said, "Now how do you want to wear it, my man? Want me to fingerwave it or set it in the pachuco style with a ducktail in the back?" "Stick fingerwaves to me, baby," I said. And Pat went to work. When he finished, I had a do just like Nat King Cole. Had I chosen the pachuco, I'd be looking like Sammy Davis Jr.

I could hardly wait to get back to Rose Hill to see Lupe that night. I went home and took a bath, careful not to wet my hair or move my head too violently for fear of shaking out the waves. When I met Lupe that night, under the clothesline next to Francis' pad at the end of the row of apartments in the Projects, she said in her Mexican accent: "Eeeek! What happened to your hair?" She led me out of the darkness into a patch of light cast by the street light up at the top of the hill. "What did you do to your hair?" she asked in a most horrified tone. "You've ruined it!" she said, and tried to touch my hair. I knew that if she touched it she would knock the waves out. Gasses are for looking at, not for touching. "No!" I cautioned her, "don't touch it or you'll mess it up." "You're crazy, Leroy!" she said. "I don't like your hair that way. I like it fuzzy like it was!" Then, crying, she wrenched herself violently from my arms and ran into her house.

Weaving back and forth, in and out of these other lives, a boy goes on his way. Where his nose is headed he hardly has the sense to ask. He simply goes, following his own feet. And what a chase. The basic reality was the marijuana. The yesca, the life stuff of the boy's existence. From the moment when Chico cuts him into getting high, he rapidly develops as a wise handler of the weed. More than his wisdom was his availability. How he scampered about those hills with the bag.

Weighing out the pounds. Sacking up the cans. Rolling up the joints. Conscientious businessmen getting ready for the evening's trade. People coming from miles around to cop some of that good old Rose Hill marijuana, and we'd be there waiting for them with everything ready to go. Joints all rolled, cans ready at $7 each—our specialty. Then the pounds. The easy dollars. Easy Money. Good name for a book. Easy Come, Easy Go. One must tell a great deal about reality in order to justify writing a book, yet so many of these fools who tell nothing at all come off the presses again and again. When I write, I want to drive a spear into the heart of America.

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After the Olympics: Buying off Protest

with an Introduction by Harry Edwards

LAST YEAR MUST HAVE SEEMED LIKE a long nightmare for members of America's white sports establishment. They acted as if the system of athletic slavery over which they were presiding would last forever. They were as unprepared for the revolt of the black athlete as the Virginians had been for Nat Turner.

At some points it must have seemed that the athletic scene—traditionally the most stable of status quos—would never return to normal. A major college football game between San Jose State College and the University of Texas at El Paso was canceled because of threatened demonstrations by blacks. Black athletes on campuses all over the country suddenly stopped worrying about pleasing white audiences, coaches and athletic directors, and started thinking about the position of their people in America and the way they themselves were being used. Even conservative publications like Sports Illustrated started doing exposés on the predicament of the black athlete: how he was called "nigger" by coaches and "boy" by spectators, how he wound up used and empty. It became clear that sports was an arena for the black liberation struggle, and there was no turning away from the vision of racism that you got if you looked at sports up close.

As part of this general movement in athletics, the Olympic Project for Human Rights, which advocated a boycott of the Mexico City Olympics, was organized by myself, Ken Noel, and others at San Jose State College, where I was teaching at the time. Looking back on it a year later, I feel that the boycott may have fallen short of its goals and left many things undone. But still it was a success, especially given the incredibly reactionary context in which it took place. We helped unify black athletes all over the nation who were independently coming to realizations of their own about racism—in sports and in general. We also carried the message to some who hadn't gotten it yet. As a result, a whole new generation—people like Lew Alcindor, Tommie Smith and John Carlos—became important spokesmen for black people throughout the country. We led a successful boycott against the racist New York Athletic Club's 100th Annual Indoor Track Meet at Madison Square Garden. In conjunction with the black African nations, we helped to get South Africa suspended from the Olympic Games. And, of course, two courageous black athletes, John Carlos and Tommie Smith, raised their gloved fists in protest on the Olympic victory stand while the American national anthem played in the background and the whole world watched.

These accomplishments, small as they were in comparison to the problems they sought to correct, were made under the most trying of circumstances. Death threats to myself and my staff were an almost daily occurrence. One morning last spring, I woke up to find that my two dogs had been shot, sliced up and dumped on my front porch. At various times during the boycott movement, I was offered sums amounting to over $125,000 to call the whole thing off—the assumption being that I was one of those rare niggers with brains and that without me the whole protest would vanish. The pressure was always on, and it continued right into Mexico City. Mel Pender, a captain in the Army and a black sprinter on the American team, was threatened with a possible court-martial if he got involved in any protests. Other blacks were constantly harassed and coerced. Racists don't give up easily, we learned, and the racists in sports are especially dedicated.

By the time the Olympic Games were over, we had ample evidence that the American sports establishment was going to fight our protest against racism in athletics with every weapon available to it. It would not even stop short of using black people themselves, as has become clear in the activities of "Pappy" Gault, which are detailed in the article that follows. Gault was only one of many who tried to destroy the Olympic Project for Human Rights at Mexico City. He probably wouldn't be worth mentioning at all, except that he has spent his time since the Olympics trying to buy off the growing militancy among black athletes. Working in concert with representatives of the power structure in America, Gault has tried to make sure that nothing like Mexico City happens again.

I first became aware of what Pappy Gault was doing when I heard rumors that he had been showing up at all the big invitational track meets and offering money to certain outspoken black athletes. Then, last month, Lee Evans came to me and said that Gault had approached him and Tommie Smith with a proposition. It happened at the Martin Luther King Memorial Games; Gault told Evans and Smith that he would see that they made $2000 apiece over the next couple of months if they would allow him to act as their representative. As one of the athletes most involved in last year's boycott movement, Lee was naturally upset, and I was too. I became

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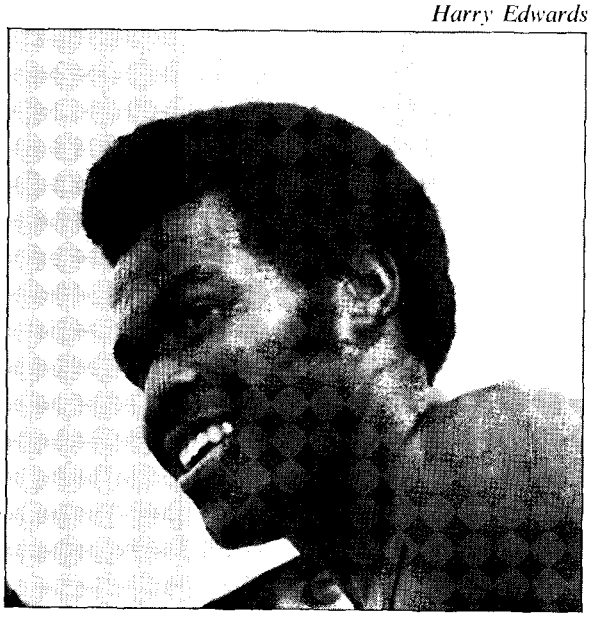
Jack Scott

Robert "Pappy" Gault

Lee Evans
Harry Edwards



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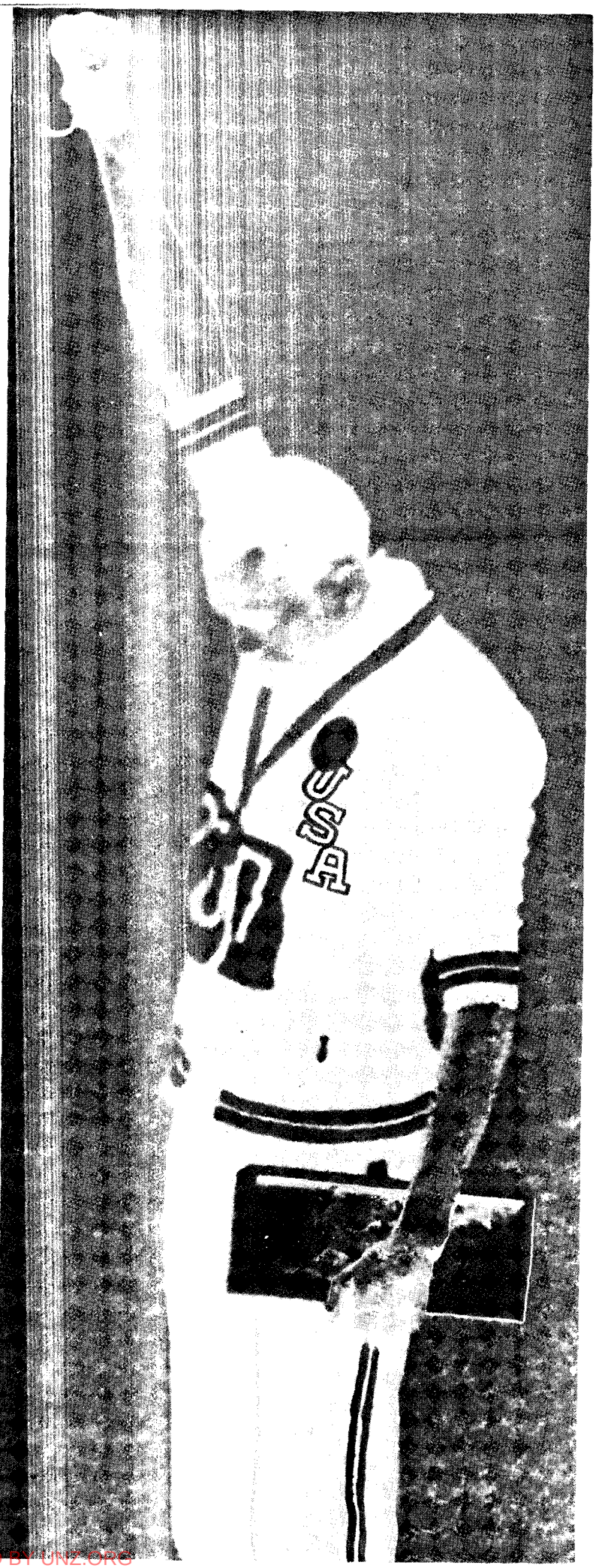

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even more concerned when I found out that Sheila Young—a reporter for Newsweek magazine who had interviewed Gault at the school he works for in Maryland — said that Gault had told her she'd "wind up in the Hudson River" if her magazine ever printed anything damaging about his activities.

In a sense, one could have predicted Pappy Gault—or at least someone like him. For what he is doing is simply a part of the strategy of black capitalism now favored by the establishment: buying off the most vocal elements of black militancy, but doing nothing about the causes of the discontent. But what couldn't have been predicted is the arrogance of the man and of the amateur athletics hierarchy he represents. It is hard to believe that they could think sports could be returned to the status quo that prevailed until last year. They should have known that too much has gone down for that, and they should know that there is a whole lot more to come.

One of the things that we of the Olympic Project for Human Rights tried to show last year was that athletics, whatever its Grecian ideals, is not nonpartisan or apolitical. This has been accepted now. It would be hard to find anyone knowledgeable in the world of sports who wouldn't admit that athletics is very political indeed. But this realization has only led the establishment to use everything at its command—money, power, influence—to indicate the kind of politics that is acceptable in sports, namely *their* kind of politics, a politics of silence and submission. We never did have their money, power or influence. But we had something they don't have: human beings with conviction. And if they want to play politics, then we'll be there too—at the Munich Olympics in 1972 and wherever else it counts. —HARRY EDWARDS

by Jack Scott and Harry Edwards

I.

THE HARRY LUNDBERG SCHOOL for Seamanship is near the little town of Piney Point, Maryland, on a long peninsula reaching down to the Atlantic. A few miles before you get there, the highway becomes bordered by rows of shacks which seem to have been transplanted from the Deep South. The black people who live there spend much of the day sitting on sagging porches, watching the cars speed past. They seem used to time and technology passing them by. You are reminded that Maryland was a slave state.

Run under a joint trusteeship of the steamship companies of America and the Seafarers' International Union (SIU), which administers it, the Harry Lundberg School was founded at the time of a manpower shortage during the Korean War. The Piney Point campus was added in 1967, as a result of the Viet-Nam war buildup. Its purpose is to train young men for careers in seamanship. One of the subjects it teaches is discipline. "All trainees," says one of the School's brochures, "are required to be clean shaven and have neat haircuts." The seamen are required to stay on campus during the eight-week training course, but "they are allowed to attend the church of their choice on Sundays."

The Piney Point school, which looks like a cross between a Job Corps Center and a boot camp, has never been able to shake its past as a World War II military installation. Informal guards stand outside the fenced grounds, checking the visitors who wish to enter what is still called "the base." Despite several attempts at face-lifting, the clusters of buildings at the School still look like barracks. But the grounds are well kept, and the slopes extend down to the water's edge, where several of the Seafarers' expensive yachts rest at anchor, among them President Kennedy's old ship, *The Manitou*. A mile or so from the docks is the Garner House, named after one of the Seafarers' political friends, former Vice President John Nance Garner. It is the showcase of "the base," distinguished from the military austerity of the other buildings by its whitewashed, colonial look. This is where important guests like the Governor of Maryland are quartered when they come calling. They are provided with the relaxation befitting their status by the sauna baths, game room, and fully outfitted gymnasium in the basement.

As director of physical education for the Seafarers, "Pappy" Gault finds many excuses to spend time in this mansion. He has his own oak-paneled office nearby, with a remote-controlled color TV and a liquor cabinet bulging with name brands, but he often gets into the blue Cadillac El Dorado the Seafarers gave him and drives over to the Garner House. It is always the first stop on the grand tour which he gives to high officials from the world of amateur athletics when they come to Piney Point to confer with him. And sometimes Pappy just goes over by himself to have a Canadian whiskey and ginger ale and some cold cuts and to allow the house manicurist to worry over his fingernails. He finds the luxuriant atmosphere of the Harry Lundberg School conducive to his full-time business, which consists not of directing physical education for the Seafarers, but of dealing in black athletes.

II.

A FORTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD FORMER career Marine and Air Force sergeant, Robert "Pappy" Gault got his nickname from the wisp of white hair he was born with, although it could just as well have come from his paternal attitude toward young athletes. Gault has not always lived in the shadow of the opulence he enjoys at Piney Point. While finishing out his 20-year hitch in the military, the short, stocky ex-boxer gained a local reputation in Baltimore as a good coach of amateurs. Over the years he slowly worked his way up the ladder of official amateur athletics, finally becoming an Amateur Athletics Union (AAU) official and a member of the U.S. Olympic Boxing Committee. He was named head coach of last year's U.S. boxing team at the Mexico City Olympic Games—the first black man ever to become head coach of an American Olympic team.

The 1968 Olympics was the turning point in Pappy Gault's life, as it was for many of the black athletes with whom he has since come in contact. For the Olympic Project for Human Rights was a reality that had to be confronted—Pappy couldn't have hidden from it even if he had wanted to. His response to the Olympics started the chain of events which brought him to the Harry Lundberg School.

Pappy began by telling his boxers that anyone who planned any kind of demonstration, either at Mexico City or before, was not welcome on the team. During the Games, however, some of the blacks among the track and field contingent wore black socks and berets and raised their gloved fists. So, when the occasion arose, Pappy Gault helped George Foreman, the heavyweight champion of the Games, stage a counter-demon-

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stration to the one which had catapulted Tommie Smith and John Carlos onto front pages all over the world. As Foreman was named champion and started to do the traditional victory dance around the ring, Pappy Gault stuck an American flag in his taped hands and pointed him toward the television cameras.

This gesture did not go unnoticed by those whom Pappy would later count among his sponsors and allies in the struggle to remove militancy from American sports. Immediately after the Olympics, Gault was flown first class to Chicago to address a meeting of the Athletes for Nixon, at the invitation of a man named Jan Rus, then head of the organization. Pappy later became an active Nixon supporter, bringing with him four of the eleven boxers he had coached in Mexico City. It was also at about this time that he was approached by Paul Hall, president of the International Seafarers, and given a $20,000-a-year job at the Harry Lundberg School, a Cadillac and carte blanche to wheel and deal in the world of amateur athletics.

Money, like material comfort, has been almost unlimited in Pappy Gault's new job at the School. He proudly admits to having spent over $180,000 in his first ten months with the Seafarers, much of it for redecorating the School's gymnasium in a startling array of reds, whites and blues. He has had money to hire assistants to do the daily work of directing physical education for the School's trainees, thus leaving him with the time to do what he does best: fly all around the country to talk with athletes and tell them how he can help them lead more practical lives. He has had money to stage boxing clinics for the AAU and to fly in some of the leading boxing officials in the United States. He has had money to bring prominent athletes like John Carlos and Bob Beamon to Piney Point, money to hire them as counselors and public relations representatives for the Seafarers. Pappy Gault has had money to convince black athletes to shave off all signs of militancy, keep their mouths shut, and, as he says, "get down to being just good American citizens."

III.

PAPPY GAULT WOULD LIKE to color the American sports scene with the same red, white and blue that he used in his gymnasium. That he can try to do so is mainly due to the largesse of the International Seafarers, and Gault is very grateful, especially to the Union's president, Paul Hall. "My whole philosophy of life comes from Paul Hall," Pappy says. "He's such a great man that I'm proud just to be on his shirttails."

Paul Hall occasionally comes down to the Harry Lundberg School for a weekend of entertaining guests of the Union, or just for relaxation. Putting on a pair of bleached levis, he scuttles around the grounds in a golf cart bought for that purpose. Hall shares with Pappy Gault a profound distaste for the outbreak of black militancy that stained the 1968 Olympics. But Pappy's outrage is mainly aesthetic. ("I can't stand to see the militants with all this stuff down over their faces," says Gault. "They just look like a damn bunch of fools to me.") His mentor, on the other hand, feels that the whole spectacle was, if anything, impractical. Hall waves off the Smith and Carlos demonstration with a gesture that indicates it was nothing compared to some of the good union battles he has had in his years as a Seafarer. "Hell, Carlos' behavior on the victory stand made me think he had lost his marbles. Now, if he had gone up there with a machine gun under his coat and gunned down the Olympics Committee, that would have been a militant protest."

At first glance the Seafarers seems like a peculiar organization to be working for the co-optation and political emasculation of black athletes. With 80,000 members, it is not a very large union. Moreover it is involved in a business, the maritime industry, which, in its rapid decline, is becoming increasingly dependent on government subsidy. The Harry Lundberg School is not the Union's only cooperative undertaking with management. The Seafarers recently proclaimed a "unity of interest" among maritime workers, shippers and ship builders. The Union even went so far as to lend a Hawaiian-based shipping line $50,000 to continue operations, and it voluntarily cut down the size of the crew until business picked up.

But even if the industry it is part of is slipping behind, the Seafarers has a virulent anti-communism that drives it onward. It has practiced a sort of domestic counter-insurgency from the beginning—a fact which makes its interest in patriotizing black athletes more understandable. The SIU was formed in 1938 as an explicitly anti-communist alternative to the CIO-organized National Maritime Union. The SIU's founder, Harry Lundberg (for whom the school is named), was well known in his time as a "relentless fighter for the destruction of Communist influence aboard American ships." This image has persisted to the present day. "The SIU's experience in dealing with waterfront communists," Paul Hall writes in the Seafarers Union newspaper, "has confirmed over and over again the accusation that the Communist Party in this country is dedicated to the destruction of free trade unions as we know them and to their conversion into pawns of the Soviet Union and instruments of Soviet foreign policy."

The SIU's other strong suit is its political muscle within the Democratic Party. The Union is no stranger to the workings of realpolitik. In 1968, for instance, the SIU contributed over $185,000 to the campaigns of Hubert Humphrey and other Democrats, an amount far greater than that donated by such giants as the United Auto Workers or the Steelworkers. This openhandedness—like that which Pappy Gault has experienced—comes not only from conviction, but also from what is regarded as necessity. A case in point is that of Harold Banks, a close friend of President Hall, who had gotten himself into trouble in Canada, where he had been sent as head of the Canadian section of the SIU.

Banks was convicted in a case involving the beating of a member of a rival union, sentenced to five years, and released on $26,000 bail pending appeal. When he jumped bail and returned to the United States, the Canadian government made what it assumed was a routine request for extradition. However, the request was denied by Secretary of State Dean Rusk, who acted against all precedent and against the advice of a federal commissioner. A few days later, the SIU forwarded $100,000 to the Humphrey campaign. (They were careful to divide the sum into twenty $5000 contributions to various campaign committees, some of them created for the purpose, to circumvent the legal limit on individual contributions.)

Paul Hall and Pappy Gault seem like strange allies—the hardbitten, paunchy white union president with a reputation for racial prejudice, and the black boxing coach who gained fame because of a single patriotic gesture. But their agendas intersect at several points. They share a disgust for militancy

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and protest, and for what they regard as foreign influences on the American scene. They both like to work from the inside. "We [Seafarers] have found that you can't beat the system from the outside," Paul Hall says, squinting up into the Maryland sun. "You have to use the system to beat the system." This is a hard game to learn, but Hall has tried hard to teach it to Pappy Gault who, in turn, has attempted to pass it on to black athletes, who have been playing games with the system all their lives and losing.

IV.

JAN RUS FIRST MET PAPPY GAULT last fall in Denver, just as the U.S. Olympic team was being outfitted before leaving for Mexico City. Rus, a former member of the National AAU Track and Field Committee, was there in his capacity as head of the Athletes for Nixon Committee. He had a suite near the Olympic equipment room, where he kept an ample supply of t-shirts emblazoned with "Athletes for Nixon." Rus made the shirts available to the athletes, some of whom picked them up after receiving their uniforms, thinking they were part of the regular issue.

Since the Olympics, Rus's rise to a position of influence in the world of sports has been as rapid as that of Pappy Gault. He has come a long way for a former college football player and one-time scout for the Los Angeles Rams and other professional football teams. After the Presidential elections, Jan Rus was hired as a special consultant by James Farmer of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. His fee was set at $85 a day, and his first task was to do a study of the President's Council on Physical Fitness. In this capacity, he has had plenty of time to keep in contact with Pappy Gault. According to John Wilbern, chief administrator for the council, Rus called Gault 15 to 20 times from the council's office in the month he was working there. Rus is also a friend of Paul Hall's, and it is said that the Seafarers' president arranged for Rus's son to spend a summer at sea.

To Wilbern and others on the council, Rus's activities are a mystery. "He has been doing this study for several months now," Wilbern says. "I don't know what he's really doing, but I can tell you this: if you have to spend as much time as he has doing a management-systems study of an 11-man organization like this one, then someone ought to fire you." Upset by Rus's spectral presence, Wilbern recalls that the Department of Health, Education and Welfare asked the Council to pay Rus's way to the National AAU track and field championships in Miami and to the U.S.-USSR-British Commonwealth games in Los Angeles—ostensibly to talk to coaches and athletes about the study he was doing. When Wilbern refused (also telling Rus that he was not to use the Council on Physical Fitness letterhead for whatever business he was engaged in), HEW issued the voucher itself.

Jan Rus has been involved in athletics all his life. It was only through the Olympics that he became part of an organization promoting black capitalism (it was HEW which gave St. Louis Cardinal outfielder Lou Brock a $100,000 small business loan, which Brock later said he hadn't even formally requested). But for Jan Rus, the larger political strategies of HEW are probably a mystery. Like Paul Hall and Pappy Gault, he was upset after the Olympic Games and vowed to do what he could to prevent a repetition of the protest. "I want to accentuate the positive in America," Rus says.

V.

FEW FANS IN THE WORLD of track and field were aware of Pappy Gault this season. He was a presence constantly hovering behind the scenes, and it is hard not to believe him when he says, "There's nothing in all this for me, just a chance to help some kids." But even if Gault's doings were beyond the view of the average spectator, the changed mood of certain black athletes was not. One of these athletes was John Carlos.

The change in Carlos had nothing to do with his performance; he was running better than ever. With his long-legged, muscular stride, he had tied the world record of 9.1 for the hundred-yard dash and was dominating the sprint events to such an extent that the title of "the World's Fastest Human" (in semi-retirement since Bob Hayes became a professional football player) was often being applied to him. But there was a subtle change. When the 1969 track season began, a new John Carlos stepped out onto the infield of the San Jose State stadium. The brooding, sometimes belligerent Carlos was a thing of the past. His face was now clean-shaven and smiling. "I'm looking to advance myself now," said Carlos to the people who asked what had happened. "I still do what I can for my people, but I want to do something for my wife and daughter too, so I'm going to be discreet." Soon, Carlos began running in the colors of the SIU at some of the big meets. Midway through the season, he sprouted a mustache because Pappy said he looked too young without it. The two men were almost inseparable. When Carlos held a press conference, Gault was there to officiate, telling him when he had said enough and stepping in himself to clarify certain points. Carlos would check into Gault's hotel suites; he was flown first class to track meets all over the country by the SIU (if the meet's promoters also sent plane tickets, nobody said they couldn't be cashed in); and he had been given a job as a counselor at the Harry Lundberg School.

Things are better for John Carlos than they've been in a long time, certainly better than they were during the painful ambiguity that followed the Olympics. Pappy Gault has promised to negotiate a no-cut professional football contract for him next year. Carlos never played football in high school or college, but he doesn't put anything past Gault. Carlos feels that he has entered a new period. "The Olympic thing is done," he says. "I thought it had to be done, so I did it. If people understand why it was done, maybe it's time to forget it. Everyone seems to be forgetting it. Things have eased off."

VI.

JOHN CARLOS, because of his protest at Mexico City and his striking personality, is the most prominent of the athletes contacted by Pappy Gault. But he is not the only one. Long-jump world record holder Bob Beamon, who was one of the outstanding performers at the Olympics, has also competed for the Seafarers this spring. Like Carlos, he is a counselor for the Harry Lundberg School. And others have been approached by the ubiquitous, smiling Gault. Ronnie Ray Smith, a gold medal winner at Mexico City in the 400 meter relay, and Sam Davis, both San Jose State College sprinters, competed in the Seafarers' colors briefly this past spring. Included in the advice Pappy gave them was the suggestion that they not "date black bitches because all they want is your money." Gault began to make especially difficult

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demands on Smith. Sam Davis remembers thinking at the time, "Hell, if he treats Ronnie Ray this way—an Olympic gold medal winner—what's he going to do to me?" He and Smith left Gault after the Kennedy Games at Berkeley this spring.

Gault, however, immediately went after even bigger names. At the Martin Luther King Memorial Games this May, he approached Lee Evans (Olympic champion of the 400 meters) and Tommie Smith (Olympic champion of the 200 meters), both known as being among the most outspoken of all black amateur athletes. Gault told them that they could make $2000 apiece if they would "clean up their personal appearance," and let him say anything he pleased to the press in their names, as he had done with Carlos. Later on, in a statement to Robert Lipsyte, sports columnist for the New York Times, Pappy would deny (in words that had a strangely equivocal ring to them) that he made this particular offer. "I'd never go for anybody," Pappy said. "They'd have to come for me. The only time I had anything to do with either of them, I was introduced by an Amateur Athletic Union official, and I gave each of them a bottle of whiskey."

Neither Smith nor Evans signed up with Pappy. But this is not to say that the offer wasn't appealing. The world of the amateur athlete, especially in the United States and more especially among blacks, is an ambiguous one. On the one hand it is a world of the high Athenian ideals of amateurism; on the other, it is filled with venality and corruption. The athletes know this; it is part of their daily experience. For each athlete who lives in voluntary poverty just to engage in competition, there are five officials high up in the bureaucracy of the AAU and the U.S. Olympic Committee traveling around the world in luxury, while making policies that are always authoritarian and often racist.

Many athletes suspect that the only reason the rules regarding "amateurism" are enforced so zealously is because they give the sports officialdom a power over their lives which it would otherwise not have. The track athlete is kept in a state of virtual peonage, and unlike athletes in other fields, he doesn't have a professional career to look forward to. Over the last few years, there has been much talk about pro track and field, but when the talk got especially loud this past year and when it looked as if something might come of it, the entire amateur athletics establishment came down in opposition to these efforts. It appeared that pro track could become a reality if a lucrative television contract could be negotiated to help it along financially in its first years. Always jealous of its prerogatives, the AAU immediately went into action. It sold CBS the rights to televise all AAU meets this year. It gave them a cheap rate because it was more concerned with keeping pro track out by preempting the market, than with making money.

It is interesting that one of the loudest voices denouncing the notion of pro track and field and praising the CBS coverage of the meets was Bert Nelson, publisher and president of Track and Field News ("The Bible of the sport since 1948"). He suggested to his readers that they write to CBS and request that the coverage be continued next year. But Nelson is a little like Pappy Gault. (When Gault was asked if he didn't think his dealings with Carlos and other athletes might lead them to be barred for professionalism, he replied, "There's no danger. Let me tell you that I'm vice chairman of the AAU Boxing Committee and also a member of the United States Olympic Boxing Committee.") Just so, while in print Bert Nelson has been a guardian of amateur purity, in practice he has been quite another thing. He was involved, for instance, in making a $500 payment to Ron Clarke, the great Australian distance runner, for Clarke's participation in a San Francisco indoor track meet. Mention of this should not come as a surprise to anyone familiar with the "real" world of amateur athletics. Track insiders accept as fact the persistent rumors that Ron Clarke is able to make as much as $30,000 a year from running.

While Tommie Smith and Lee Evans turned down Pappy Gault's offer to help them make some spending money, it is understandable that they were upset by the whole affair. Trying to support a family, go to school, and still be the best quarter miler in the world isn't easy, as Evans knows. Nor is it easy to see your wife in the hospital and wonder where the money will come from to pay the bills. These are the things that make such an offer attractive. Shortly after meeting Pappy Gault at the Martin Luther King Games, Lee Evans stayed in the home of a New York sportswriter, who remembers that the athlete appeared worn and confused. Everyone else seemed to be making money and getting ahead. He alone seemed to be behind. Why? Was he being overly scrupulous? He wanted to talk about what Gault had said, to get it out in the open, but he was worried that Gault had the power to ruin his chances to try out with a professional football team after graduation. Gault had told him and Smith that if they "crossed" him, he'd go to whatever expense and action was necessary to ruin them, and this threat—coupled with the fact that Pappy Gault appeared to be able to do whatever he wanted in the world of sports—seemed very real.

VII.

PAPPY GAULT AND THOSE WITH WHOM he is allied thrive not only on the chaos that characterizes amateur athletics in this country, but also on the vulnerability of the athletes themselves. They are able to carry out their schemes without restraint because the system is corrupt, and the honest man, like Lee Evans, is an alien within it. It is bad enough that a man like Pappy Gault passes money around, that he does so with the tacit approval of the AAU and other official bodies, and that he passes it around for the purpose of buying off militant blacks. But what is even worse is that Gault—well-connected and financed as he is—is an omen of things to come, an indication of the response of the athletic world to the protest at Mexico City. For the athletic world has vowed that nothing like that will happen again, and Pappy Gault is a hint of the repression that is gathering.

As in the society at large, the situation in athletics has become more complex over the last year. Gault's activities are a dramatic indication that black athletes will have to struggle hard to keep what little dignity they have found. For not only must they fight the racists who hate them for protesting, but also the black capitalists, who would buy up their outrage.

Harry Edwards is the author of The Revolt of the Black Athlete (*Free Press*). *Jack Scott is the author of* Athletics for Athletes (*Other Ways Press, Berkeley*). *Both are completing PhD dissertations, Edwards at Cornell and Scott at the University of California.*

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Ann Wesling in the "illegal house" which she and her husband Mike built over the past winter.

Photographs by John H. B. Pedén

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[Rural Renewal]

Trouble in Paradise

"I went to the woods to live deliberately."
—Thoreau, Walden

I.

When the military powers of California shot up and occupied the streets of Berkeley to destroy People's Park last May, it did so, according to Governor Reagan, to defend the inviolability of private property: If you want to "do your own thing," do it on your own land. Citizens of the little off-beat rural community of Canyon, just ten miles on the other side of the Berkeley hills, must have listened to this official rhetoric with a sense of irony. They do own their own land, yet this has not allowed them to do their own thing. Private property notwithstanding, in Canyon, just as in nearby Berkeley, the establishment has ruthlessly denied its own ethic of independence and individual initiative. Instead of sheriffs and shotguns, Canyonites face a limitless coercive bureaucracy. Instead of armed occupation, they face a new version of a familiar weapon—an onslaught of Rural Renewal.

Canyon isn't Drop City. It is a community, not a commune, a collection of artisans and professionals who care about their land and about its hundred-year history and traditions. Most of its residents are recent "drop-outs" in one way or another—if only from the sclerotic ugliness of the inner-city. But the energy and talents that they have withdrawn from the mainstream economy have been carefully re-invested in their own environment. Canyonites are like people all over the country who are leaving the boiling cauldron of the big city and seeking the space and freedom that is promised in the American dream. But they are finding that there is about as much trouble in their wooded paradise as there is in the urban hell.

II.

Hidden away just beyond the reach of freeways and shopping centers, Canyon is about a 20-minute drive from the big cities of the Bay Area, up a steep hill going east, past $70,000 executive homes to an unmarked winding country road that dips suddenly into a rugged wilderness full of thick vegetation and topped by groves of redwood, oak and madrone trees. Three miles down this road there is a U.S. Post Office in a trailer, a little bridge with children playing around it and a pay telephone booth. A little further down is a two-room school modeled after the "little red schoolhouse" of the American past.

If you can't see any of the 45 homes that make up the community, it is because they are hidden in the thick forest up on the steep slopes of the canyon from which the community takes its name. Everything is still very much the way it looked over a hundred years ago when Canyon was not a retreat, but rather the economic center of the East Bay's thriving logging industry. Then, the lumberjacks lived in tents and cabins on the same wooded slopes where there are now handcrafted houses. There once were five brawling saloons doing business along the main road, and a stage coach joined the town with the sister city of Oakland. In its pioneer heyday, Canyon was a rough frontier town with its share of lynchings and shootings. The prime forest area was finally logged out, but for almost a century people have continued to seek out Canyon's isolation and rugged terrain, and to assume some of the hardy characteristics of the men who first built the town.

Because of its beauty and its inaccessibility to major highways, Canyon became one of the last enclaves to hold out against the swath cut by bulldozers and real estate schemes through once beautiful Contra Costa County, which is now a scramble of tract homes and ugly industrial towns. But as Canyon became more and more attractive, the powers that rule the adjacent municipalities discovered that it was an untapped mother-lode of potential subdivisions as well as a threat to the dominant suburban life-style.

In the name of progress the local water company became interested in the beautiful greenbelt area in which Canyon was centered. East Bay Municipal Utilities District (or East Bay MUD as it is generally known in the area) is legally a municipally owned utility which, under California law, ought to be controlled by the people in the district. But like most public utilities, it functions on a day-to-day basis as a monopoly responsible to no one but itself. It is notorious for the land speculation policies (promoted under the guise of protecting its watershed rights) which have made it one of the richest and largest landowners in California. An independent study made in the 1950's estimated that the company's excess lands were worth a potential $600 million in profits to any developer who subdivided them, built homes and sold them off—enough money to provide free water to every homeowner in the district for life. But the profits earned by East Bay MUD through its land speculations never result in lower rates for its customer-owners—only in increased wealth for the company.

In the early '50s, the water company turned its greedy eyes on Canyon and began to buy up all the available real estate in the area. To facilitate its land grabbing, East Bay MUD began a propaganda campaign claiming that Canyon's septic tanks were polluting the nearby creeks that ran into its reservoir—a charge which has never been substantiated by any independent investigation. In 1952 alone, the company bought up 24 Canyon houses and had them burned to the ground.

From 1950-1959, the population of Canyon dropped from 500 to 150, the number of homes from 110 to 40. At the little red schoolhouse, the number of children dwindled from 66 to 28. Many of the older residents became discouraged and gave up their homes without a struggle. But from the late '50s through the '60s, the direction of the migration reversed. A new breed of younger, hip pioneering types, fed up with life in the surrounding Bay Area cities, looked to Canyon,

by Sol Stern

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View from the bedroom of Mike Wesling's "illegal" house.

despite its problems, as providing the possibility of open space. To the local press and power structure, the new migration became a "hippie invasion." But while many of Canyon's men wear beards and long hair and the women long dresses and few bras, and while there is some pot around, the community is hardly an offshoot from the Haight-Ashbury. Indeed, there is a family solidity, a technical competence and a sense of privacy that gives Canyon the feel more of a California frontier town than of a hippie scene. Among the new Canyonites are an architect, an engineer, a contractor, and several auto mechanics, trained carpenters, social workers and teachers. Canyon people build their own homes, beautifully unorthodox but sturdy structures that blend in with the rugged terrain and greenery. They maintain and repair the community road and elect their own school board. They grow vegetables and fruit and raise chickens, goats and horses. And their children live in a paradise of tree houses, nature trails and animal life.

III.

WHAT IS IT LIKE TO LIVE IN CANYON? This is the way it was described by 26-year-old Sally Kehrer, who migrated from Berkeley three years ago: ". . . we are closely bound together by our love for the land and each other, by our mutual participation in the cycle of the seasons and by the overwhelming magic of this place called Canyon. Together we watch the flowers come with the warm days of spring—different flowers every week in the grass and among the trees. We watch the hills grow brown and dry in the summer. In the fall we gather to make wine by crushing the grapes and storing them in barrels. We come together in our houses in the cold windy rain of winter and talk in front of a fire. We help each other build what needs to be built—a house, a store, a porch, a septic tank.

"Each individual is loved and respected for himself, and the community is almost self-sufficient in individual skills. If you have something wrong with your car that you just can't seem to fix, you just call Malcolm or Tim. If you're planning to build anything and you need advice, ask Dave or George or Barry. If you have a problem with your water system, ask Doug or George or John. . . .

"Once a month there's a community meeting where we talk about Canyon and its problems—or where we air our differences and discuss them together. Sometimes these meetings can be quite argumentative, but we usually leave feeling that something has been done and that we are all together again."

The president of the Canyon school board for the past eight years is 51-year-old George Menge, a tall, ramrod straight, pipe smoking father of seven daughters, who looks more like a small town Rotarian than one of the leaders of a "hippie" community. In fact Menge is a cop—a civilian criminal investigator for the U.S. Navy, a source of much good natured ribbing from his younger, stranger-looking friends in Canyon. "Yep, I guess I'm the fuzz," he chuckles when you ask him about it. Despite his occupation, Menge has been one of the toughest and most militant of the Canyonites in fighting back against the local establishment's attempts to intimidate the community. Nor has Menge's ostensible respectability protected him from the harassment meted out to Canyon's residents. Recently several of his dogs were picked up on his own property by the dog catcher, and the county building department has refused to give him a permit for a new barn.

George Menge and two of his daughters.

The Trupin family under a condemned tree house built by a 12-year-old Canyonite, Johnny Adams.

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Menge and his family live in a sprawling house (built mostly by Menge himself) in the midst of several acres of hilly Canyon land. His wife Virginia works part-time in the Canyon post office, and all of his daughters, ranging in age from 5 to 17, were educated in the little red schoolhouse down the road. "I started out here 23 years ago with just a small cabin, and then as my daughters came along, I kept adding new rooms and fixtures," says Menge. He also added horses, chickens, ducks, geese, pigeons and dogs. A familiar sight in Canyon is one of Menge's daughters, riding bareback up and down the canyon trails in a long, flowing dress.

In a warm, closely knit community like Canyon the "generation gap" is what it ought to be—a sense of mutual respect between young people and their elders, a dialectic of experience and spontaneity. Only in such a community could young "hippies" elect a 51-year-old cop to head their school board. For his part, George Menge says, "I let my kids run free. I let them associate with whomever they want. It's a good thing my kids and others don't live the way their parents do. If kids just did what their parents did, we never would have gotten out of the caves one million years ago. But I have a lot of hope for these kids. They're the ones who are really going to make the changes so the kinds of things that have happened to this community don't keep up."

Bob Trupin is a 37-year-old physicist and college teacher who moved out to Canyon with his wife Sue and their two children several years ago. Trupin had been active in Berkeley radical politics and Sue had participated in the Free Speech Movement at the University of California in 1964; they now see the creation of small rural communities like Canyon as a valid part of the struggle to change society.

When East Bay MUD started pouring the heat on Canyon, Trupin wrote a letter to the local newspaper saying: "We in Canyon are the first line of defense in a fight which involves not only ourselves, but the people of the county—perhaps of the entire nation. For what is involved is the right of human beings to live in peace on their own land, in their own homes, in their own way. I know of no other community which has a deeper sense of responsibility to its residents, its neighbors, its ecology, to the future. And because of this responsibility we are determined not to be destroyed."

With the coming of families like the Trupins, the job of gobbling up Canyon became a little more difficult. The new settlers gave the community fresh hope and vitality. They were willing to fight for the land, and more importantly, they had the resources with which to wage the fight.

BELOW LEFT: *Jungle gym built by Barry Smith.*
BELOW RIGHT: *The little red schoolhouse.*

Tim Biggins' condemned house built without a permit. The County demanded that he put in two off-street parking spaces.

Recently a two-acre parcel of Canyon land came up for probate sale. The water company confidently made a bid of $16,000 to the court. The Trupins heard of the impending sale and practically overnight raised enough money from friends to outbid the company. A county courthouse full of natty lawyers and civil servants looked on in amazement as Trupin and other brightly-dressed Canyonites plunked down a certified check for $17,300 when the judge asked for the bids.

But it was 28-year-old Barry Smith, tall and bearded, with piercing blue eyes, one of Canyon's most creative builders, who organized the most spectacular defense against a water company land-grab. Smith heard that an 80-year-old widow named Mrs. Holmes was about to sell her 27 acres of choice Canyon land to the water company for $55,000, so he rushed to see her and talk her out of it. When he got to her house, he discovered that she had already signed a letter of intent to sell to the water company. Undaunted, Smith convinced her that Canyon would be destroyed if the water company got her land. He retained a high-priced real estate lawyer to get her out of her obligation to the water company and promised to raise $60,000 cash within several weeks to top East Bay MUD's bid. At the time Smith didn't have a penny, but within the allotted period, through word of mouth and ads in the underground press, he found 14 people who came up with several thousand dollars each to buy the land. This group of buyers decided that except for each individual's homesite, they would hold the land in common. They began to call themselves the Water Brothers Association, a name derived from Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in A Strange Land*, in which the sharing of water becomes the highest honor one man can bestow upon another—thus the notion of "water brothers."

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IV.

STYMIED IN ITS LAND MANEUVERS, the water company used its political muscle with the county government to make it impossible for the Canyonites to do anything with their land. Tim Biggins was denied a permit to rebuild his house, which had been destroyed by a fire, because his plans did not provide for "two off-street parking facilities." Biggins' house happened to be on the top of a rugged, steep slope; you couldn't get a mule up there, much less a motor vehicle. When George Menge asked for a permit to build a barn, he was told he didn't have enough land to house a secondary structure. So Menge arranged to lease an adjacent parcel. This time the inspector said that he couldn't put a secondary structure on a new parcel which had no primary structure.

Soon the local politicians too began to find it expedient to come down hard on Canyon. The local suburban newspapers began referring to Canyon as the "Haight-Ashbury" of Contra Costa County. John Nejedly, a politically ambitious D.A. (later elected to the state legislature), announced that Canyon was the source of the county's "drug problem." Big Jim Moriarty, chairman of the Board of Supervisors and a businessman with a hand in real estate, told a private community meeting that he had decided the "hippies" in Canyon had to go. The reason? He had become convinced the community was a menace when his wife came home from the shopping center one day and hysterically told him that she had seen some "dirty hippies" from Canyon handling the produce.

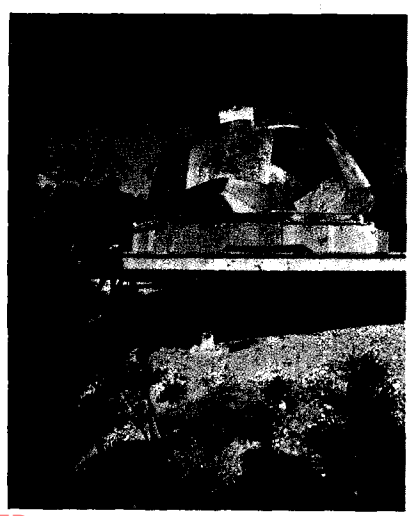
With the politicians joining the water company, Canyon began to feel the heat that local bureaucracies can generate when they work together. County narcotics officers, dog catchers, building inspectors and health officials became regular visitors. Several Canyonites were busted on trumped-up dope charges. Canyon people found that they couldn't cash checks at the nearest supermarket.

After the sale of the large tract of Canyon land to the Water Brothers, East Bay MUD convinced the Board of Supervisors to pass a new ordinance preventing the granting of septic tank permits within 1000 feet of any tributary to a reservoir. (Prior to this, the water company's official position had been that it required only a 300-foot *cordon sanitaire* around its watershed.) This ruling meant in effect that no new septic tanks could be built, and without septic tanks there could be no new building permits.

George Kehrer, one of the Water Brothers, recalls asking a county inspector just how he could live on his own land while he was waiting for a permit to build a house. "Can I put up a tent?" asked Kehrer. "I'm afraid you can't," said the inspector. "How about putting in a camper?" asked Kehrer. "You can't do that either," said the inspector. "Well how about a sleeping bag?" said the exasperated Kehrer. Unable to find any reference to sleeping bags buried in his building code, the inspector said, "I guess that's O.K."

Some of the more adventuresome of the new Canyon residents went ahead and built on their land anyway. Traditionally the county solves building code hassles through a process of informal negotiations with the home owners, but in this case they staged a gestapo-style raid on the whole community. Canyon residents awoke one morning recently to find a small expeditionary force of twelve deputy sheriffs fully armed and helmeted, three narcotics agents, a dog catcher with a tranquilizer gun, and three building inspectors marching up and down their slopes, trespassing on their land and entering their homes, looking for "illegal structures" and other violations. When they had finished their mission, they had "posted" 20 structures (including a warehouse, a barn, a tree house for children, a chicken coop and a "sculpture"). Residents were told that anyone found in the houses after 48 hours would be subject to immediate arrest and that children would be taken off to juvenile hall. Canyon got a temporary injunction holding off any criminal action while it argued against the constitutionality of the building codes. But within several months the county had gone into phase two of its plan: it gave notice that if the posted houses were not dismantled within 45 days, the county would demolish the structures and bill the owners for the work. Although the deadline has passed and the matter is still in the courts, the people in the homes—and in a larger sense the entire community—continue to live under the axe.

One of the "illegal" structures is a beautiful geodesic dome built on a sturdy platform on the rim of the canyon. It is the home of Sally and George Kehrer, a young couple who were recently married at a ceremony in the local redwood grove. A local architect has said of the Kehrers' house, "If there were ever an earthquake in the area, I'd make book for their house to ride it out." Like most of the other posted homes, it is a unique architectural gem. Looking at the "Do Not Enter" sign that was posted on their dome, you reflect about the fact that in the eastern end of the county there are farm workers living in one-room dingy shacks which do not incur



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building code proceedings. And in the county's industrial city of Richmond, railroad workers are housed in box cars without any inspectors objecting. Looking over the canyon from his dome, George Kehrer recalls his emotions when the county's "authorities" found his house and posted it. "There was all this anger and helplessness, but we couldn't do anything about it. It was a nightmarish thing—something we had worked on so hard and all of a sudden there were these strangers there saying 'throw it all away.' "

To the Kehrers, both ex-Berkeley residents, the meaning of Canyon is in the living. "When we stand on our platform and look out over the hills and see smog everywhere except in Canyon, I know this is an alternative—I know I am breathing fresh air," says George. "In the last year living here I have learned more about animals, land, machinery, sewage, ecology and politics—everything that's important to my life and survival—than I could have learned in ten years in Berkeley."

V.

SURVIVAL HAS BECOME THE NAME OF THE GAME in Canyon. In its struggle, the community came up with one last plan which took advantage of a provision in the State law allowing any unincorporated community to petition the county government for the creation of a "community services district for such purposes as sewage disposal and fire prevention services." A group of Canyon residents submitted such a plan to the Contra Costa Board of Supervisors.

The heart of their proposal was a unique and potentially revolutionary plan for sewage disposal drawn up by Doug McMillan, one of Canyon's resident experts. McMillan is a 37-year-old hydraulic engineer with a PhD from the University of California and a long list of impressive professional credentials. His sewage disposal plan called for the installation at every homesite of an individual, cheap and portable sewage treatment plant—aeration units just recently placed on the market. After initial treatment at each homesite, the water, now 95 per cent pure, would flow in pipes down to the bottom of the canyon to a pumping station from which it would be pumped up to a series of filters for further treatment. Finally the water, now 100 per cent pure and reusable for irrigation and as a fire-fighting reserve (which Canyon does not now have), would be collected in a tank at the top of the hill. The beauty of the proposed sewage system is its total application to the ecological and planning needs of Canyon.

The system, or variants of it, has obvious potential for other communities as well. It avoids the orthodox sewage disposal methods now being employed in the Bay Area which pipe untreated waste directly into the ocean—a process that has led to (among other ecological disasters) the pollution of the Bay and the destruction of a once flourishing fishing industry.

McMillan is a slightly built, quiet person who recently bought into the Water Brothers. He sat at his work-desk in his home (not posted) a while ago, and mused about his run-ins with the county bureaucracy. "When I first got out here I thought with my knowledge in the field I could talk reasonably to the county health people and work out the problems of the septic tanks. I saw my role as a protagonist for Canyon, so they couldn't fool us with their technical arguments. But I couldn't get anywhere with them. Finally Gerow [Ted Gerow, the county health department's sanitarian] told me that when it came to Canyon his mind was 90 per cent closed. When I pressed him on a specific technical point, like the question of pollution of the watershed, he would throw his hands up and say 'It's a matter of philosophy.' In the beginning I used to think these people at least were honest if misguided. Now I am more cynical about their motives."

A hearing on the proposed system was held a while ago in the neat, oak-paneled Supervisors' chambers. The entire county bureaucracy, plus all the experts the water company could dig up, had turned out to oppose the granting of the special district to Canyon. Their tactic was to deluge the Supervisors with technical objections to the proposed sewage system. Dr. McMillan's system was unfeasible, they argued. It had never been tested and there was no guarantee it would work. Besides, it was a complicated mechanical system and the people of Canyon could not be expected to maintain it themselves.

The county officials argued that instead of having its own system, Canyon should be incorporated into the county's central sanitation district (the same district that had recently been cited by State water officials for its pollution of the Bay). A sure-fire solution—except that it meant that Canyon's sewage (like the rest of the county's) would be dumped into the Bay and that it would cost each Canyon homeowner a prohibitive several thousand dollars extra to bring in central sewage. Most importantly for the future of the community, bringing in central sanitation (which would involve terracing the land, installing manholes about every 50 yards, etc.) would be the first step in opening up the whole region for real estate development and subdivision, thus threatening the greenbelt ecology of the area.

Bob Trupin sat in the spectator's gallery muttering at the insanity of it all. "They want to charge me $5,000 to dump my shit in the bay," he grimaced. Walking out of the hearing later, he turned around to look at the Supervisors, each of whom had been in office at least ten years; they were discussing a good citizenship award for some local Rotarian. He said in disgust, "They're a bunch of old men with no faith in the future and they haven't even made any provisions for the planet being habitable for more than another decade." If this were a rational society, its leaders, plagued with pollution, water shortages and the other problems strangling the planet, might see Canyon as an experimental ecology station. Canyon might be looked to as a living model of the frontier ethos that Ronald Reagan likes to talk about when he is on the stump. For it has the virtues of small government, self-help, community spirit, and respect for privacy and independence.

But rationality does not prevail, and our leaders are clearly engaging in empty rhetoric. On September 2, the Contra Costa Board of Supervisors voted 4 to 1 against allowing the residents of Canyon to have their own sewage district.

Canyon people aren't missionaries. But if there is anything that they would want people to learn from their community, it is that Americans must stop tearing up and exploiting the greatest gift bestowed on them, the *land*, and instead really start living on it. That would be their message to the outside world, but no one seems to be listening; and the freeways, the hot dog stands, the smog and the bulldozers keep creeping steadily closer to the rim of the canyon.

Sol Stern is a free-lance writer and frequent contributor to Ramparts.

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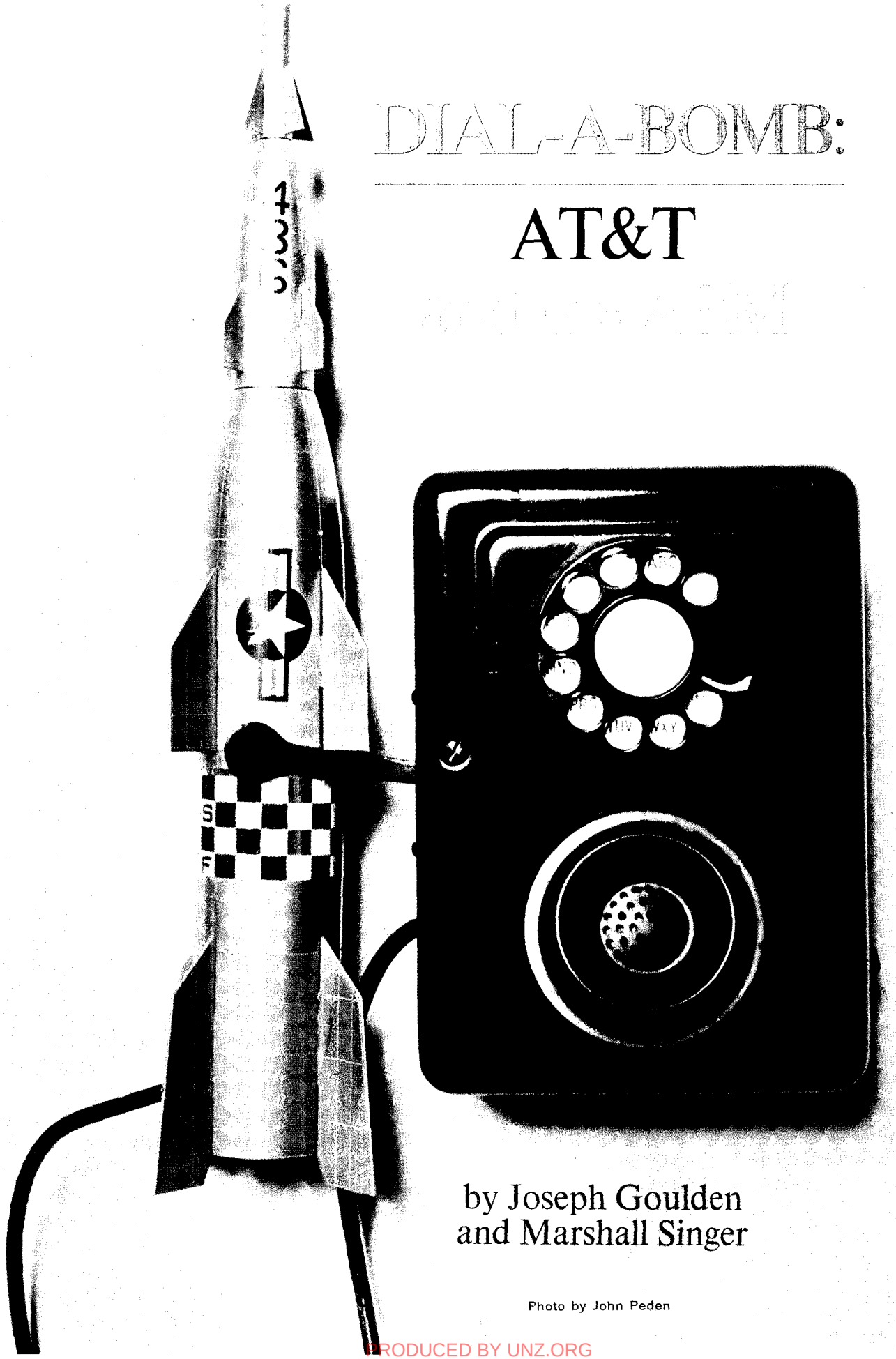
DIAL-A-BOMB:

AT&T



by Joseph Goulden
and Marshall Singer

Photo by John Peden

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THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY should receive a citation for inadvertent candor on the basis of an advertisement it ran this spring in trade journals of the military-industrial complex. The stark white page bore only a small AT&T trademark and two brief lines of miniscule six-point type. The first line, centered in mid-page, whispered: "Command/Control Systems use our network." The second, at the very bottom, observed: "We know how to keep a secret."

Indeed, our phone company is discreet about all its military engagements; the Bell System has managed to keep well-subdued, if not absolutely secret, the fact that it is the prime contractor and chief profit-maker for the highly controversial Anti-Ballistic Missile system, the ABM. Normally, an American corporation could be expected to boast just a bit about bagging a project with a potential price tag of anywhere from $6- to $400 billion, the speculation range of the ABM. The two low-keyed sentences devoted to the ABM in AT&T's annual report, however, give no indication of the financial avalanche that may soon fall into its lap. Southern militarist senators may shout themselves hoarse over it, but the phone company has yet to mention its own ABM aloud.

The present Nike-X Sentinel Safeguard ABM system is only the latest and most extravagant in a series of Nike defensive missiles which have brought the telephone company nearly $10 billion in prime contracts since 1945. AT&T is presently the nation's sixth largest defense contractor, doing work on anti-submarine projects as well as the ABM. Yet AT&T's image is worlds away from the paraphernalia of war and devastation: what could be more pacific and tame than the phone company? It seems no more likely a purveyor of nuclear missiles than does Macy's or the A&P. The story of demure Ma Bell's discreet but lucrative intimacy with the "defense establishment" tells much about the real nature of the military-industrial complex, which is so much discussed but still so little understood.

After all, what is the prevailing image of the military-industrial complex? On the industrial side: a pack of hustling upstart Texas yahoos and San Diego John Birch industrialists, inhabiting the new untamed wild west outlands of the American economy. On the military side: crackpot Strangelovean generals foisting their exorbitant arms-race war-games on an unwitting civilian society. But the reality is that the military-industrial complex is centered in the old respectable heartlands of corporate power, which have provided the basic impetus and thrust behind America's trillion-dollar postwar war machine. The power of the complex is clothed neither in brass and braid nor bermuda shorts and a ten-gallon hat, but sensibly in a dark suit and a sober tie. And the big money Washington boondoggle is far from a new game; it is a grand tradition, subject to the kind of reverence expressed in *Guys and Dolls* for "the oldest established, permanent floating crap game in New York."

The top 25 U.S. defense contractors include, besides AT&T, such other stalwarts of the corporate aristocracy as Ford, General Electric, General Motors and Standard Oil of New Jersey—the four largest industrial corporations in America. AT&T itself, the largest American corporation of any kind, is a giant among giants. Its incredible assets of $40 billion approach the combined assets of America's 50 largest transportation companies (including airlines, railroads, etc.), or those of the three greatest industrial giants. Its net income is a third larger than that of the 50 largest U.S. commercial banks or of the 50 largest retailing companies combined. Who better, then, to take the role of prime contractor for the system that has become the very symbol of military-industrial boondogglery in America? For, in accord with the ground rules of modern American corporate statism, the lush ABM fiefdom was granted to AT&T as a natural prerogative of its station.

IT IS CLEAR THAT BELL DID NOT get the Sentinel contract because of any unique proficiency in building missiles. This fact emerges obliquely from the AT&T annual report, which carries the following note on the Sentinel: "Fundamental responsibilities . . . rest on Western Electric [AT&T's wholly owned manufacturing subsidiary] and Bell Laboratories [another subsidiary] but most of the aggregate volume of business will be handled by subcontractors." For the phrase "the aggregate volume of business" one can read "the work." And as for the "fundamental responsibilities," they often seem to come down to raking in the profits. Five years ago, a similar arrangement with Bell on an earlier version of Nike was summed up by Senator John McClellan in this way: "For 18 years, from 1945 through 1963, the Army has been buying tens of thousands of missiles from Western Electric, which has yet to make its first missile."

As prime contractor, Western Electric takes whatever work it cannot do on a project and farms it out to subcontractors. On the contract which so angered Senator McClellan, Western itself produced only one of the four main elements: the radar and guidance system. The other three—the missile, the launcher apparatus, and the trailers and vans that housed the system—were subcontracted to Douglas Aircraft. Douglas produced the missile and sub-subcontracted the last two elements—the launcher to Consolidated Western Division of U.S. Steel; the trailers and vans to Fruehauf Trailer Corporation.

The Army paid Western Electric $1.6 billion on this contract, out of which the company took $113 million as profit, about 7.9 per cent, which could be considered reasonable. Reasonable, that is, were it not for the fact that Western *did* only a fraction of the work. Out of the entire $1.6 billion contract, Western's own work accounted for only $359 million (and this includes a generous $82 million for general and administrative expenses). When Western's profit is figured against the work it actually did, it comes not to a 7.9 per cent return, but to a patently unreasonable 31.3 per cent.

This doesn't mean that Western grabbed everyone else's profits for itself; this is a game in which everybody wins. Douglas received $645 million from Western, out of which it took $46 million, 7.6 per cent, as profit. But Douglas itself did an even smaller portion of the work than Western; it did $103 million—little more than a sixth—and sub-subcontracted the rest. Douglas's profit on its work was a hefty 44.3 per cent.

The trick is that in military contracting a fair profit is figured as a reasonable percentage of a contractor's "costs," but the contractor includes in his costs not only the expenses of the work he did, but also all the payments he made to the next contractor down the line. Thus the government ends up paying profits on the work done on trailers by Fruehauf not just to Fruehauf, but also to Douglas for the "cost" of paying Fruehauf to do the work, and to Western for the "cost" of paying Douglas the money with which to pay Fruehauf. The

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government pays profits three times, once for the work and twice for the mere service of passing the government's money on down the line. Even stranger is the fact that Douglas's "cost" is larger than Fruehauf's because it also includes Fruehauf's profit; and since Douglas's cost is greater, its profit is larger, even though Fruehauf did the work. Western, the farthest removed, has the greatest basis for profit, since its costs include the profits of both subcontractors: Profits on profits on profits.

This profit-taking sometimes reaches unthought of levels of absurdity. On one contract for 1032 additional launchers, Consolidated manufactured the launchers at a price of $13.5 million (including profit) and delivered them directly to the Army. Douglas made plastic rain covers for the launchers at a cost of $3 each, for a total of $3361. Douglas then took a profit on that amount *plus* the Consolidated price, a profit of $1.2 million on $3361 worth of work. The percentage: 36,531 per cent. Western Electric, which gave each missile a quick $14 inspection at the base, proceeded to pyramid its return on top of Douglas's. Western did not do quite as well, coming out with a mere 6684 per cent return on its effort.

Of course AT&T doesn't itemize its profits in this manner—any more than they itemize their profits on phone bills. A Bell merchandising man explained the point in a way that applies to both contexts, charges to consumers and to taxpayers: "People don't like to pay 'more' for something. Do you? People are not really interested in the rate and they don't particularly want to hear the word 'charge' associated with something in which they have expressed an interest."

IT IS REASSURING TO KNOW that a decade of military generosity on this scale did not go unnoticed by the Army. Western Electric got the Nike production contract in 1951. It was not two years before the Army's sharp-eyed chief of ordnance noticed that millions could be saved if the Army could (in its own apt phrase) "break out" subcontracted elements of the system, that is, buy them directly from the manufacturer rather than through one or two middlemen. Even in military procurement this procedure is not entirely unheard of. But to "break out" is easier said than done. And when it was suggested to Western Electric, the company went straight to the Secretary of the Army, Robert T. Stevens, to complain. Secretary Stevens was naturally scandalized by the effrontery, and ordered that no break-out be initiated without Western's concurrence. After all, it was Western's profits that were being trifled with.

The Army spent the next eight years waiting for this concurrence, but Western just couldn't find it in its heart to be parted from its family of Nike subcontractors. Not until the McClellan committee began an investigation in 1961, did Western consent to the break-out of the missiles; in fact, sensing what was in store, they suggested it.

When the Army did succeed in obtaining some break-outs, the effect was startling. Spare parts vans, which had cost $20,000 apiece when obtained through the profit pyramid, dropped to $14,300—nearly a third less—on direct purchase, even without competitive bidding. Highway missile transporters that had cost $12,000 came down to $10,300 on break-out, and a year later competitive bidding reduced them to $5304, less than half the Western Electric "retail" price.

Probably the greatest chutzpah shown by Western however, was in its scrupulous insistence on paying rent of $3 million to the government for the use of two surplus plants where much of the Nike production work was done. Ordinarily the government would have simply donated the use of the plants, but Western insisted on paying. Then again, Western has to make a buck too, so it added the $3 million to its "costs." The government had to turn around and give the rent money back as a reimbursement, plus $209,000 profit on it. Nothing excessive, just about seven per cent. A reasonable profit.

It is clear that, although items are being purchased and money dispensed, this is not quite what the academicians who still theorize about competition in the marketplace have in mind. Once the winner is picked, each roll of the dice just adds to the take. There are no merciless principles of competitive efficiency at work here. This is the marketplace of power. For it is power to which the Army obligingly deferred through eight years of particularly blatant profiteering, just as it is power that may bring on the actual deployment of an ABM missile defense which is widely recognized as an extravagant put-on from any military point of view.

IN A SENSE, ONE COULD AT LEAST begin to answer the question of why a Sentinel or Nike X ABM is going to be built by saying: AT&T has always built Nikes; it's their thing. Or, to put it differently, it is a case of a traditional corporate sphere being respected and maintained. If voice communications has been AT&T's fiefdom since the nineteenth century, then since WW II defensive missilery has been added to AT&T's turf, staked out clearly over the years.

In June 1940, a man named C. N. Hickman was working for Bell Telephone Laboratories, which was then casting around for an entree into defense work. Hickman got permission from his old teacher, Dr. Robert H. Goddard, the father of modern rocketry, to present Goddard's ideas to the government. Goddard himself had attempted this without success, but Hickman had Bell behind him.

Hickman presented the rocket proposal to Dr. F. B. Jewett, a division chairman of the newly-formed National Defense Research Committee (NDRC). Dr. Jewett was also president of Bell Labs. He was "much impressed," and asked Hickman to write up a report, which resulted in the formation of a special NDRC section for rocket research and development—a section which drew heavily upon the personnel and scientific talents of the Bell System.

By summer 1941, work had progressed to the point where contracts were awarded for such rocket work as armor piercing and plane-to-plane weapons. An official history notes that the amounts "then seemed large and now seem small." Even at that, Western Electric's initial share was a mere $10,000. In historical perspective, Western's allotment of military research contracts throughout World War II now seems trifling. It totaled only $17 million, ranking fifth, although it was surpassed only by educational institutions (MIT led all with $117 million). What was *not* trifling for Western Electric, however, was the foothold that it gained.

Toward the end of the war Western devised a control system that vastly improved the Army's anti-aircraft gun batteries. Radar detection was linked to a computer which automatically aimed the gun at the incoming target. This system, known as the M-33, was in production at Western plants by the end of

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the war. When German scientists, with their advanced knowledge of rocketry, fell into U.S. hands, the Army decided to replace the anti-aircraft shell with a missile that could be guided from the ground. On February 8, 1945, the Army issued Western Electric its Letter Order W-30-069-ORD-3182 for "investigation and research and development work required to produce a suitable guided missile."

Naturally AT&T has insisted piously ever since that it would prefer to devote itself exclusively to adding new improvements to the art of communication: digit dialing, walking fingers, Princess phones. In a 1964 Senate report, for instance, AT&T claimed that in 1945 "there was . . . some reluctance on the part of Western Electric to undertake work in what then appeared to be a dying defense industry. It had wanted to concentrate all of its available plant and manpower in catching up and expanding as suppliers of telephones and telephone equipment for its parent company, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company." But Ma Bell just couldn't say no.

The initial missile contract in 1945 was for only $181,450 but it set a significant precedent by which AT&T, through Western Electric, established defensive guided missiles as its own permanent cut of the defense spending loot. From that time AT&T has progressed through prime contracting for four generations of Nike ground-to-air defensive missiles—the current but not necessarily the last being the Sentinel "Safeguard" system.

The lineage was headed by the Nike-Ajax anti-aircraft missile, first fired successfully at a drone B-29 bomber at the White Sands, New Mexico proving grounds in 1949. Senator Stuart Symington recently told the Senate that the Nike-Ajax brought AT&T $2.25 billion in production contracts alone. But this system was soon superseded by the Nike-Hercules, also for use against planes but equipped with a nuclear warhead to give it the capability of "destroying entire fleets of incoming aircraft" (the Pentagon's words). The Nike-Hercules has been AT&T's biggest missile bonanza to date. Only the current unlimited potential of the ABM can overshadow it.

The money rolled in with ease well into the fifties. In a period of nuclear trauma, with dog tags and "Take Cover!" drills in the schools, when the mere roar of an airplane could often induce a sense of panic, it was not hard to sell the AT&T anti-aircraft missiles. By the late fifties, however, the market for the Nike-Hercules began to be saturated; there were only so many places for them to be deployed. More importantly, the nature of the offensive threat to the U.S. was changing from incoming bombers to incoming missiles, and thus defense requirements were shifting from the anti-aircraft missile to the anti-missile missile—the ABM.

For AT&T, the replacement of the bomber threat by the missile threat meant a whole new strategic ball game, and potentially a fresh new market for defensive missiles—a new bonanza. Potentially. But there were obstacles. And although in 1956 a go-ahead had been given for preliminary research and development on a new Nike-Zeus anti-ballistic missile, ABM, it was only a meager beginning.

The main problem with the Nike-Zeus was the one that remains with the Sentinel today: it probably wouldn't work, and if it did, it would be easier for an enemy to thwart it than for us to build it. As a result, when Congress added $137 million to Eisenhower's military budget for Nike-Zeus production in 1958, he said he wouldn't spend it.

This evoked a huge pressure campaign from AT&T and friends. Army, the magazine of the Association of the U.S. Army, devoted almost an entire issue to Nike-Zeus. Commanders on active duty contributed ghosted articles praising the anti-missile missile. Western Electric and eight subcontractors bought full-page advertisements with maps showing where the $410 million they wanted for Nike would be spent. Senator/Major General Strom Thurmond, a director of the Army Association, insisted, "We must start production now." So did Senator Frank Carlson of Kansas (scheduled to receive $8.5 million in ABM funds); Senator Everett Jordan of North Carolina ($36 million); Representative George Miller of California ($111 million); and Representative Daniel Flood of Pennsylvania ($10 million). Representative John McCormack, then the majority leader, urged that Congress "close the gap in our missile posture, muzzle the mad-dog missile threat of the Soviet Union, [and] loose the Zeus through America's magnificent production line." Eisenhower finally gave in and restored the money to the budget, but only for further research and development—not for production.

Deployment of this unlikely weapon has been similarly deferred year after year until today; meanwhile research and development money kept flowing, bringing AT&T $3.5 billion in prime contracts by the end of last year. The ABM has been kept on the fire. But now it appears that it is finally going to be deployed. The timing is clearly significant, because as far as its substantial military value goes, the system could just as well have been deployed years ago—or never.

The Cold War strategic universe of Mega-death and Counterforce always seems mad and unreal, but it is linked to the real ambitions of national policy. Even with all the waste, giveaways, misallocations and blunders of military weapons planning and procurement, strategic imperatives have provided a basic thrust and direction for the war machine's juggernaut.

The deployment of the ABM, however, seems to lack even this kind of basis in reality. It seems as if the important weapons have been built, and overkill has been stockpiled beyond comprehension. But the structure that was built up to accomplish this—the military-industrial complex—has taken on a life of its own. If there is no military need for a new manned bomber or an ABM system to be built, there is still an industrial need to build them.

Military requirements may once have provided the opportunity for corporate power to run rampant at public expense, but now that power appears to have grown into an independent self-sustaining force, with its own need for the military-industrial complex to persist and expand. The ABM then is really the ideal product: having been wrought of the purest military fantasy, it can be stretched and shaped to meet industrial needs, thin or thick, $4 billion or $40-, whatever is called for at the time. The ABM is a kind of "ever normal granary" helping to maintain military industrial economic parity.

THE ABM IS A REVEALING CASE because, as the military basis for costly new weapons systems declines, the fact that they are designed to serve corporate needs becomes increasingly clear. The military-industrial complex can then be seen not as a distinct and unique phe-

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nomenon, but as part of an overall pattern of government subordination to corporate interests. The military-industrial relationships in this network tend to stand out from the larger pattern simply because over the last 25 years the military has so vastly increased its capacity and eagerness to provide this service.

The case of AT&T itself is particularly interesting here because it places the military element in proper perspective without minimizing its importance. For one thing, it illuminates the basic dynamic of government-corporate relationships which underlies the specifically "military-industrial" ones. In a perfect parallel to the progression of strategic weaponry through the ABM, AT&T's commercial monopoly (which may have been born of technological necessity in a dim and shady past) has in recent years been sustained and extended only as a result of active government solicitude for AT&T's corporate power. Moreover, the story of AT&T's successful maintenance of its monopoly shows how pervasive the use of the military has become, for assistance from the military has consistently been an integral part of the government's protection even of the company's primary commercial interests, which lie clearly in the civilian mainstream of the economy.

It was one of the rare moves any branch of government has made to seriously threaten AT&T's vital interests which brought out most clearly the extent of the company's influence. The government support it was able to muster in its time of need was overwhelming. The offending party was the anti-trust branch of the Justice Department under the Truman Administration, and its target was AT&T's peculiar relationship with its subsidiary, Western Electric.

AT&T has found numerous ways over the years to overcharge its customers, despite the fact that its earnings are regulated by government. One such overcharge, now running as high as $1 billion a year, is made possible by the way the Bell System, through Western Electric, in the words of the California Public Utilities Commission: "makes a profit by taking in its own washing." The consumer, of course, Bell takes to the cleaners.

The telephone company is considered an inevitable or natural monopoly: if there were competing companies, their customers' children couldn't call each other up for dates. But it is clear that the telephone monopoly does not have to include a monopoly on the manufacture of telephone equipment. Nevertheless, the Bell System manufactures its own phones, cables, switching equipment, etc., a business whose volume is a fourth as large as the telephone business itself, and which, being unregulated, provides a higher return on investment. The Bell System's manufacturing capacity is housed in Western Electric Inc., which is in its own right the twelfth largest industrial corporation in America. It is also through Western's manufacturing capacity that Bell is able to handle such lucrative military ventures as the ABM. Government contracts make up about a sixth of Western's $4 billion in annual sales, the remainder of its business going to the other companies in the AT&T family. There is, of course, a funny money aspect in this: buying from yourself. And the result is remarkably similar to the profit pyramiding in military contracting.

The rates the Bell System charges its customers for telephone service are regulated by the various state agencies and the FCC to assure the company a certain percentage of return on its investment in telephone plant and equipment (including the phones themselves, which they own and rent), the total value being called the Rate Base. Since the plant and equipment are purchased largely from Western Electric, their "value" (and therefore the amount of Bell's profits and its customers' rates) depends on the prices paid to Western by the Bell System companies. The prices they pay include an allowance for Western's profits, so once again we are paying profits on profits. And in this case it is compounded because each increase in the Rate Base permits a seven per cent return year after year. Clearly it is in Bell's interest that Western's prices be as high as possible so as to inflate the Rate Base.

In the late 1930's, the FCC made a study of Western's pricing policies to determine how much its prices exceeded its costs and whether this margin of profit was excessive. Although, as the FCC's telephone division chief commissioner Paul A. Walker reported, "All efforts to obtain manufacturing costs of Western materials . . . [had] been thwarted," the Walker Report was able to estimate that Western could cut its prices on sales to Bell by approximately *37 per cent* and still earn a yield of six per cent on its investment. The report was released in June 1939, but nothing came of it.

Ten years later, however, one of the investigators who had worked with Walker, having moved on to the Justice Department, was able to convince Attorney General (later Supreme Court Justice) Tom C. Clark to update the findings and bring suit against AT&T. The suit, filed on January 14, 1949, asked among other things that AT&T be divested of its ownership of Western (which would be broken up into three competing concerns) and that Bell System companies be required to buy their equipment on the basis of competitive bidding.

AT&T FILED AN ANSWER CONCEDING little more than its involvement in the telephone business. The Justice Department made no further moves for nearly two and a half years. When, in August of 1951, they asked AT&T to produce documents relating to more than 100 points raised by the suit, it began to look as if they might go ahead with the case after all.

Bell, however, was not about to have such sensitive, private matters as its relations with Western Electric come out in court. Significantly, they went straight to the Defense Department to get support for an indefinite postponement of the case. Dr. M. J. Kelly, president of Bell Laboratories, appealed directly to then Secretary of Defense Robert A. Lovett. His argument was a curious one: not that the loss of Western would be a disaster, but that the *mere trial* of the case would require key Bell officials to turn their attention away from military projects essential to the conduct of the Korean War, thus hampering the war effort. A bit far-fetched perhaps, but Lovett (who is a partner in the investment house of Brown Bros. Harriman, one of the largest AT&T stockholders) found it persuasive. He had his staff draft a letter to the Justice Department adopting the AT&T position. Acting Attorney General Philip Perlman rejected the appeal, noting that Bell did have lawyers who could go to court, leaving its key personnel free for war projects. Nevertheless, with AT&T working through the agreeable Secretary of Defense, the case was still pending by the time the Republicans took over after the 1952 elections. AT&T lobbyists wrote a memorandum on the case for Lovett, and he signed it (in the words of a Bell lawyer)

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in "substantially the same form" as it was submitted and passed it on to his successor.

The new Defense Secretary, former General Motors chief Charles Wilson, proved as accommodating as Lovett had been. Bell's president, Dr. Kelly, went to see him and later drafted a memorandum which, with two minor changes, was signed by Wilson and sent on to the Justice Department. As Representative Emmanuel Celler later commented, Dr. Kelly "became a sort of ghostwriter for the Department of Defense."

Wilson sent his letter on July 10, 1953, but by this time AT&T had already received some sympathetic encouragement from the Justice Department itself—in fact from the Attorney General, Herbert Brownell. To Brownell, it seems, the case was more an embarrassment than anything else.

He expressed this very clearly in a conversation with AT&T vice president and general counsel, T. Brooke Price, at the Greenbriar Hotel in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, where golf foursomes with combined assets of a billion dollars are not uncommon. Price gives a lucid account of his discussion with Brownell in a memorandum later obtained from AT&T files by congressional investigators. "I had brought with me the memorandum we had recently filed . . . for dismissal of the case. . . He told me he had read it, was quite familiar with it, and considered it an excellent piece of work.

"I then made a number of statements about the injury the case threatened to our efficiency and progress as a communications company and to our contribution to the national defense. . . .

"He reflected for a moment and said in substance that a way ought to be found to get rid of the case. He asked me whether, if we reviewed our practices, we would be able to find things we are doing which were once considered entirely legal, but might now be in violation of the antitrust laws or questionable in that respect . . . he thought we could readily find practices that we might agree to have enjoined with no real injury to our business.

"As I got up to go he walked down the steps with me and repeated his statement that it was important to get this case disposed of. He said the President would understand this also and that if a settlement was worked out he could get the President's approval in five minutes."

The government literally pleaded with Bell to offer up some harmless business dealings which it could prohibit with Bell's agreement, but Bell was not going to let them off so easily. They demanded complete dismissal of the case.

Brownell's next move was to withdraw from the case the quixotic antitrust attorneys in his department who had been tactlessly pressing on with it. He replaced them with one Edwarde A. Foote, who had never tried an antitrust case before (this was of course one of the biggest on record).

Foote shared Brownell's dislike for such legal formalities as trying a case on its merits in court. Bell's Price reported that Foote "indicated to us he would like a more informal down to earth contact with this case and generally an opportunity to talk it out in an informal way." So Foote invited Price to dinner and there told him he thought the government's case weak and the idea of bringing it to trial "silly" (to his colleagues Foote indicated that it was "unwise, even evil"). He outlined the various debates and strategies brewing in his department over the case. He told Price these things, as he later explained, because "I thought he might be interested."

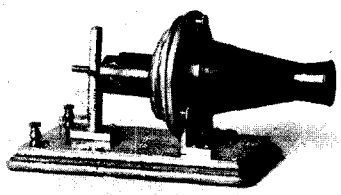
As final insurance, the FCC sent to the Justice Department a report which (after being carefully edited) implied that the regulatory agencies had sufficient powers, without court action, to deal with questions of Western's prices and profits and their effect on affiliated companies.

With this FCC opinion in hand, the Justice Department moved ahead on a consent decree. To make sure it was just right, seven of the nine points were written by Bell lawyers—at Foote's request. The three men in the department most intimately involved in preparing the case—Victor Kramer, Walter D. Murphy, and W. D. Kilgore Jr.—filed written memoranda of dissent.

And so, on January 12, 1956, AT&T and the surviving government lawyers trooped into the U.S. District Court in Newark and presented their decree to Judge Thomas F. Meany. After a short discussion in chambers, he mounted the bench and approved it.

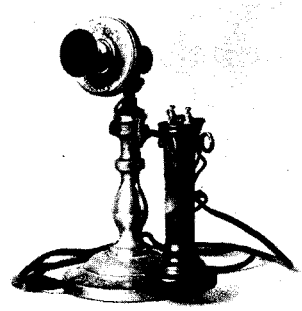
Justice Department spokesmen called it "miraculous" and a "major victory" for the government.

An AT&T executive's note in the margin of one copy of the decree sums it up more accurately: "It's only window dressing." Fredrick R. Kappel, then president of Western Electric and later head of AT&T, in an outline for a talk to Western officials on the decree, had to admonish: "Use discretion in passing along. Don't brag about having won victory or getting every-



1876
BELL'S CENTENNIAL MODEL

1878
WALL SET



1897
DESK SET

1913
WALL SET

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thing we wanted. . . . Antitrust suit disposed of, but still have politicians, etc. to think of."

AT&T had good reason for smug satisfaction. The military and civilian branches of government had joined ranks behind it with inspiring solidarity to protect its monopoly. But within a few years the great corporation began to face an even more basic threat to its monopoly than the Western case—this one technological rather than legal. It is interesting, moreover, that the technological threat was primarily a military development, for if the military were really tied to its own special, independent realm of corporate power, AT&T would have been in very serious trouble indeed.

IN 1961, AN OFFICIAL OF BILLIONAIRE Howard Hughes' Hughes Aircraft Company announced that if a communications satellite system then on their drawing boards were authorized by the government, station-to-station telephone calls could be placed to any spot on earth for just a dime. It was a brash proposal by any measure, but it was a time of enthusiasm. In the preceding three years the Army and Air Force had successfully tested the precursors of Early-Bird (SCORE, ECHO, and COURIER), sending various wise words from President Eisenhower to the wondering listeners of Europe. It seemed as if the aerospace companies could do anything, even move into the phone business and take on the power of AT&T.

The Hughes proposal summed up the two dangers for Bell in the new technology of satellite communications. The technology was revolutionary, and Bell did not control it. It was a product of military research and development, and aerospace companies like Hughes and Lockheed, which were closely associated with the military-industrial complex, seemed to be in on the ground floor.

The satellite threat was fundamental to AT&T because the company's whole corporate position was based on its monopoly control of basic voice communications technology. The Western divestiture would have removed a portion of this control from Bell's domain, but the heartland would have remained secure. No one was about to come along and plunk down $40 billion to build a competing telephone network—a situation similar to that of the railroads, where the scale of resources necessary to lay down the networks of roadbeds and rails precludes a competing line from moving in alongside. But the railroads fell before competition from the air, and now a new airborne technology seemed about to make obsolete the terrestrial network of telephone lines as well.

When communications satellites got their real start in the early sixties, there were just a few hundred telephone circuits—cable and microwave—across the North Atlantic. Satellite capacity has already far surpassed that. An AT&T projection envisions a satellite system with 83,000 voice circuits by 1976, and Bell spokesmen speak of *ten million* circuits in the future. The unit cost of these circuits is almost indefinitely reducible, and it does not increase with distance. The circuits do not replace the local lines and switching apparatus that make up local phone systems, but they may well replace the "Long Lines" system that connects the local systems together and routes calls between them. It is this integrated long-distance network on a national and international scale that justifies the existence of one huge national phone company. Thus if the new technology were to fall into hostile competitive hands, the Bell System's very raison d'être would be threatened.

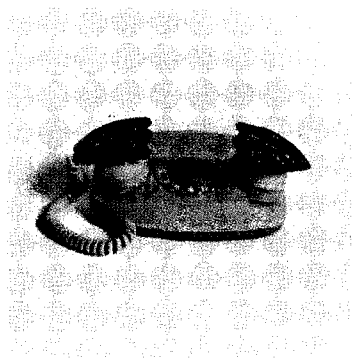
AT&T's situation was different in at least one basic respect from that which the railroads faced with the advent of the airplane. Here the new technology was not up for grabs; it was in the hands of the government, to be dispensed at its discretion. And AT&T could hope that the government's criterion, like Alexander's, would be: "to the strongest."

AT&T's first tactic on satellites was to try to just walk in and pick up all the marbles. In December 1959, they made an offer to NASA administrator James E. Webb to take satellite communications off his hands, exclusively and permanently. He turned them down, and AT&T never has achieved that ultimate wish. To measure how much they have achieved, however, one must consider the range of disasters that were then in view. First there was the possibility that the government, having invested about $25 billion in the technology that put the satellites up, would operate them itself in the public interest—an idea the Wall Street Journal later denounced as "Socialism in the Sky." But Ike would have none of it, and in his farewell address he even took time out from warning against the military-industrial complex to call for private development of the satellites. Kennedy took the same line, though Harry Truman commented with a simple partisanship, "I don't think the President understands the bill. The damned

1930
DESK SET

1949
"500" TYPE DESK SET

1964
TOUCH-TONE TELEPHONE



1970's
MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL PHONE

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ABM and the MAD Strategy
by John Raser

FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS, the U.S. and the Soviet Union have been trying to outdo each other in piling up more and bigger nuclear weapons against which there is no defense. Their strategy has been grounded in defense by "deterrence." The name of this modern military game is the "Mutual Assured Destruction" or MAD strategy.

As some defense scientists have had the wisdom to point out, "the dilemma of steadily increasing military power and steadily decreasing security . . . has no technical solution." After spending the incredible sum of $1,300,000,000,000 and diverting incalculable human and physical resources to "defense," the nuclear powers are *less* secure against catastrophe with every passing year.

But the dream of a technical solution dies hard. A few years ago it was the fallout-shelter; today it is the ABM. According to all the available evidence, an ABM system capable of meaningful protection is pure myth. But even if it *were* a deterrent to *nuclear* aggression, it would only be the beginning —not the end—of an even more self-defeating arms race. For the means of circumventing any nuclear defense already exist.

Although nuclear arms hold center stage today, more novel and malignant weapons are waiting in the wings: CBW and, soon, geophysical "environment wrecking" methods of warfare. The existence of true nuclear invulnerability would almost certainly make open warfare, forthright threat and "deterrence" instantly obsolete. But military strategy could then be based on silent, subtle techniques of subjugation. The bomb could be superseded by the aerosol spray and missiles replaced by weapons modeled on natural catastrophes. A vast new terrain, only scouted as yet, could then be justifiably explored by the "strategic calculators," the thinkers-about-the-unthinkable. It is highly likely that an effective ABM, far from insuring our survival, would usher in a nightmare era of stealthy, intangible and psychologically devastating horror, a milieu of international paranoia, for it would be impossible to know whether drought, flood, famine and pestilence were acts of God or acts of man.

Napalm, defoliants, tear gas and Mace are already household words; all have been used extensively in Viet-Nam; and thousands of Americans in ghettos and on campuses, in the streets of Chicago, Berkeley, and Hollywood have been gassed and Maced. The more serious "toxic arsenal"—tularemia, Q-fever, botulism and the incapacitating psychic poisons ("incaps" to the trade), the hallucinogens, and who knows what else—is already stockpiled. Mr. Laird, our Secretary of Defense, states that though we would never use it first, the CBW armory is essential as a "deterrent."

Weapons in the toxic arsenal are cheap, easy to make and easy to use. Should the shaky refuge of big-power protection crumble with the collapse of mutual deterrence, such weapons would be a tempting option, particularly for a weak or desperate small nation. But a technologically advanced nation has a second option as a means either of outright subjugation or of gaining economic supremacy—the option of insuring a peaceful environment for itself while disturbing the environment of its competitors through geophysical warfare. Talk of geophysical weapons sounds like science fiction today, but such weapons are foreseeable within the next 15 or 20 years. It is already clear that in principle it would be possible to trigger an earthquake in the San Andreas fault by setting off explosions in the remote China Sea; to create a tidal wave by tipping loose material off the continental shelf; to create a new Ice Age by redistributing the Antarctic ice cap. In the 1980's it may well be possible to use chemical or physical means to destroy the protective ozone layer of the atmosphere over a selected area, thus allowing it to be burned by the intense ultraviolet rays of the sun. Natural low-frequency electrical oscillations in the earth-ionosphere cavity could be increased over certain areas—and because electrical activity in the brain is concentrated at certain frequencies, a country could seriously impair brain performance in a very large segment of its enemy's population.

It is tempting to close one's eyes to such a sinister projection, or to look for arguments that prove it false. One such argument is that no nation would risk a geophysical assault on another for fear of endangering itself. That argument is hollow. Out of sheer carelessness and greed, flushed with technological hubris, the industrialized nations are already polluting the whole earth's biosphere in ways that are far more unpredictably and permanently damaging than mere drought, flood, or other natural catastrophe. How much more likely, then, that the defense technologists who play computer games with the power of the sun, the "strategic calculators" who measure "acceptable population response" in multiples of mega-deaths, will find it easy to justify "defensive environment modification" as a far more natural and humane way to achieve their country's supremacy.

The atomic weapons that incinerated Hiroshima and Nagasaki—mere "tactical weapons" by now—shattered all traditional concepts of weaponry, warfare, tactics, etc. Yet our thinking is still straightjacketed by them. We are offered prescriptions for deterrence and defense as though they were both still possible. The ABM, robed in dove-feathers, is called a "peaceful deterrent"—although history, science and everyday experience tells us that a peaceful deterrent is a contradiction in terms. "We are drifting," as Albert Einstein warned many years ago, "toward a catastrophe beyond comparison. We shall require a substantially new manner of thinking if mankind is to survive."

This is the imperative. Unfortunately, General Curtis LeMay is immeasurably more representative of our true situation. "I sincerely believe," he has written, in a way that makes explicit what every ABM proponent seems to think, "that any arms race with the Soviet Union would act to our benefit. I believe that we can out-invent, out-research, out-develop, out-engineer and out-produce the USSR in any area . . . and in so doing become more and more prosperous while the Soviets become progressively poorer."

Whom the gods would destroy, they first make MAD.

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Republicans and some Democrats are trying to give away public property. The public spent $25 or $30 billion developing satellites, and the communications system ought to be publicly owned. The Republicans will give away everything if you don't watch them." (As it developed, the giveaway was completely bipartisan.)

AT&T was inclined to forget the public billions spent to put the satellites up, as when they claimed to have achieved the 1962 Telstar experiment entirely on their own, saying in national advertisements, "Bell System microwave-in-the-sky satellite is the latest American triumph in communications arising from telephone research." This pitch was not only aimed at discouraging notions of public ownership, but also designed to deal with a more menacing possibility. For it promoted Bell's theme that communications satellites were a communications development rather than a satellite or space development. The aerospace firms, of course, worked hard to emphasize the other side of the matter. The fact is that once there were satellites, the communications part was relatively simple.

Meanwhile Bell was contending that the satellites were "just another variety of telephone pole" and should be deemed part of the telephone business, reserved to them by law—which was like saying that jetliners are another kind of Pullman coach and should be turned over to the railroads. But on this point turned the question of who would control this vast business and who would be secondary in it: would the aerospace companies merely sell their rockets and satellites to the communications industry, or would the communications people lease circuits from satellites operated by the aerospace industry? In the end, military-industrial complex or not, aerospace lost hands down.

First of all AT&T, its request to take over the whole project having been turned down by NASA, went to friendlier territory and got the FCC to license it to put up the first privately owned communications satellite. Meanwhile NASA, which had been awarding to aerospace firms contracts that encroached ever more deeply into communications, was itself brought into line. On February 28, 1961, NASA signed a "memorandum of understanding" restricting itself to the "technological phase" of space communications and leaving "implementation and utilization" policy to the FCC—thus defining the new field as a communications as opposed to an aerospace enterprise.

This still left a welter of communications industry interests (ITT, RCA etc.), other economic forces (like TV broadcasters who lease long-distance circuits), and political and public relations considerations, all of which precluded any straight giveaway to AT&T. The vehicle that was finally adopted to accommodate all these factors was the congressionally-created, private, profit-making Communications Satellite Corporation, COMSAT, which was designated as the sole owner and operator of communications satellites. The COMSAT bill passed the Senate over a filibuster by ten liberal senators—the first filibuster voted to a close in the Senate since 1927.

COMSAT was to be owned half by communications companies and half by publicly issued stock. AT&T promptly bought up 58 per cent of the communication carriers stock, and holds three seats on the 15-member board. But its real influence is greater than mere arithmetic would indicate. On the one hand COMSAT remains under the jurisdiction of the FCC, which tends to be careful of AT&T's vital interests; on the other, there is the company's great corporate weight, both in general and as by far the largest stockholder. So, for example, COMSAT's first chairman, James McCormick, even when opposing AT&T on a certain question, noted, "As a practical matter, there is no way to get a domestic system going without the willing cooperation of AT&T."

Meanwhile Hughes Aircraft has seen the basic satellite conception which it had pushed all along, and which AT&T had fought against on "technical grounds," accepted by AT&T and COMSAT. But Hughes' vindication is mainly spiritual. As Senator Wayne Morse prophesied during the Senate COMSAT debate: "AT&T wants these vested legal rights now, through this bill. Then Howard Hughes can develop his high altitude satellite, but he will have to deal with the corporation by way of the legal instrument which is created by the bill."

Technologically, the potential of the communications satellite has surpassed all early expectations. Commercial development, however, has been stymied for several years by the FCC, which is searching for ways to establish the new technology with minimum damage to the established communications interests, AT&T foremost. Of course this is also likely to mean minimum benefit to the public from the full potential opened up by the satellites. Fortune magazine, for instance, in 1967 wrote of the satellite as the "Cinderella in the Sky" with the sub-head: "Satellite to home broadcasting is technologically feasible now, but rich relatives would just as soon keep it from getting a fair test."

But, while AT&T continues to lay expensive new underwater cables which will soon be obsolete and which consumers will pay for anyway, they have no illusions of standing in the way of progress forever. The company simply means to get as big a piece of the action as possible. And they have already managed to take a technology that could have created chaos in their business, fragmenting and displacing it (a technology that they had little hand in developing, the property of the military-industrial aerospace companies), and by the grace of government they have its potential benefits divided largely between themselves and a corporate creation of which they are the principal owner. And thus the great hounds of the military-industrial complex were brought to heel.

Once again AT&T retained its position in the marketplace of goods and services by virtue of its preeminence in the marketplace of power. But AT&T is not unique in this respect, and focusing on it does not imply that such unofficial "plural monopolies" as exist in steel or autos or elsewhere throughout the economy are substantially more responsive to or constrained by the public interest. Indeed they can fix prices and determine quality with greater arrogance and impunity than AT&T, since not even the *forms* of regulation hem them in. An indictment of AT&T does not acquit them any more than the ABM makes hydrogen bombs and germ warfare sane and healthful. Rather, both AT&T and the ABM—and, in a sense, the whole military-industrial complex—are the extreme, limiting cases that can epitomize a larger reality. They are the pure idols of the marketplace of power which operates without any regard for human benefit or need.

Joseph C. Goulden is the author of Monopoly, a Journalistic Study of AT&T (*Putnam*).

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Dr. Hayakawa in Thought and Action

by Earl Shorris

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OUT OF THE METAPHORIC ASHES of San Francisco State College, a phoenix has arisen. But it is a strange sight, even for a mythical creature. The phoenix of San Francisco State is a famous general semanticist who appears in public festooned in a lei of carnations and a tam-o'-shanter. Dr. Samuel Ichiyé Hayakawa, this unlikely bird, has made a new start for himself and gained the fame he despaired of ever achieving—by ripping microphones out of the hands of radical striking students whose movement he calls the "new Hitlerism."

Dr. Hayakawa originally became interested in general semantics, he is fond of saying, in response to the dangers of Nazi propaganda. His long confrontation with the radical students has not changed his political views; he still considers himself a "liberal Democrat." "I've admired Hubert Humphrey all these years," he says. "For 25 years I've admired him." Even at the Chicago convention? "Yes, indeed! I thought he did a fabulous job there." Hayakawa also praises Ronald Reagan's actions at Berkeley and thinks the Governor's ideas about student and faculty discipline are "just fine."

The Gallup Poll tells us that S. I. Hayakawa is now the educator most admired by most Americans, and it has been announced that during his first two months as acting president of San Francisco State, the semanticist received 186,000 letters, telegrams and phone calls, 98 per cent in favor of his actions there. He has become an advisor to presidents, a leading candidate for the U.S. Senate on the Democratic ticket, a symbol, and a hero of the people. Acceptance, coming after a lifetime of striving, has been sweet. But in Dr. Hayakawa's paradoxical world, it has been bitter too. He had hoped to be accepted as an intellectual and a man of reason, not as the administrator who calls in the cops.

Hayakawa's father came to San Francisco from Japan around the turn of the century, went back to Japan to take a wife, returned to San Francisco for a short while, then moved to Vancouver, B.C., where Samuel Ichiyé was born in 1906. As is the case with many literary heroes, Dr. Hayakawa's name is in itself of some significance. "Ichiyé" means first born in Japanese, and of his first name Dr. Hayakawa has said: "My father spoke English beautifully, he still speaks beautifully. He read so much Thackeray and Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, and Shakespeare and everybody; I was named after Samuel Johnson. Strange I became a lexicographer as a result of all that." While Hayakawa's mother never learned to speak English, his father translated English essays into Japanese and ran a small English newspaper for a time. When Samuel Ichiyé was 20 years old, his father, who had traded his literary ambitions for a small business, returned to Japan.

"Consciously, my father wanted me to help him in his business," says Dr. Hayakawa, "but also he set so much of an example of literary preoccupation that what he said was a little different from what he did. My mother, who was the daughter of a physician, always thought of herself as a lady of great cultivation. She still does. And so she encouraged scholarly interests very much."

At the age of 20, Hayakawa opted for Canadian citizenship, and a year later he graduated from the University of Manitoba. He went on to McGill University, where he was awarded an MA in English, and then to the University of Wisconsin, where he received a PhD in English with a thesis about Oliver Wendell Holmes. He is said to have preferred the motorcycle for transportation while at Wisconsin, but there is a story, perhaps apocryphal, about his being stopped for speeding as he was returning from a costume party, and stepping out of his car in the attire of Little Miss Muffet to discuss the infraction with the arresting officer. His nickname, "Don," was bestowed upon him at Wisconsin, supposedly because his British accent resembles that of an Oxford don.

With a PhD and the hijinks of college life behind him, Dr. Hayakawa married Marge Peters, the editor of the campus literary magazine, and started worrying about fascist propaganda. He read about general semantics and by 1938 he was at work on his own book. "You know, I wrote *Language in Action*, specifically, almost as a political act," he says, "to stop, if possible, the hypnotic effect that fascistic propaganda had upon people. Of course, it didn't stop the triumph of Hitler, but it got something started intellectually, at least."

GENERAL SEMANTICS CAN BE DESCRIBED as the arithmetic of language. While there is no question that one should be aware of its tools and able to use them, it is inadequate for complex problems and lacks the linguistic tools to understand its own simple operations. Like arithmetic, general semantics is best learned in the primary grades and knowledge of its precepts best assumed in higher education. Its adherents call it a science and venerate the founder of the science, Alfred Korzybski, a Polish engineer who served with the Russian Army during World War I. Prior to the Russian Revolution, Korzybski, an intelligence officer, left his adopted country and came to America, where he found work as a "War Lecturer for the United States Government." His major work, *Science and Sanity*, was published in 1933, giving great impetus to the cult that was growing up around him.

Korzybski was no Conrad when it came to the English language. Whatever his ability to investigate the language, he never managed to use it to communicate: his writings are almost unintelligible. But that was apparently no deterrent to his disciples. Had Korzybski practiced the clarity he preached (avoiding absolutism, generalizations and allegiance to ill-defined concepts), he might not have gotten very far. Instead, he was able to found the Institute for General Semantics in Chicago in 1938.

Stuart Chase published *The Tyranny of Words*, a popularization of Korzybski's work, that same year. Chase took the obtuse Korzybski an extra step forward. Where Korzybski merely prescribed general semantics as a panacea for all *individual* problems, Chase said: "It is doubtful if a people learned in semantics would tolerate any sort of supreme political dictator." He went so far as to say that "if the knowledge of semantics were general . . . the conflagration [between

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fascism and communism] could hardly start."

Re-enter Dr. Hayakawa, who began writing *Language in Action* in 1938, the very year that Chase's book was published. Two years later he became a member of the English Department at Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago. There were better academic jobs, but at least he was close to Korzybski and the Institute for General Semantics. Anyway, teaching would not be important to him for many more years. He was about to hit the jackpot.

Language in Action was first published in a spiral-bound edition by the Institute for General Semantics. It was a popularization of Chase's book, which was a popularization of Korzybski's work, which was a popularization and obfuscation of the work of the logical positivists. Writing in The Nation, Sidney Hook suggested that the book "will find wide acceptance among the fad-hungry reading public." It was a devastating review: "Were it [Hayakawa's book] presented as a textbook in rhetoric on the high-school level, its naive and crude approach to the problems of language might be held excusable on pedagogical grounds." The New Republic called the book "a primer" and labeled some of the pet phrases of general semantics "essentially meaningless." And the New York Times said: "It makes no claims to basic originality." With the exception of Professor Hook, whose condemnation was unyielding, all of the reviewers did find the book "lively" and "smoothly written." But the reviews were not important. *Language in Action* was the Book of the Month Club selection for December, 1941. In later editions the title was changed to *Language in Thought and Action.*

"It made me financially independent," says Dr. Hayakawa. "The thing still sells 60-70,000 copies a year. It's fantastic—since 1941 to now, it's been bringing in bushels of money every year. Fantastic."

A clue to Dr. Hayakawa's life-style appears in a revised edition of the book. "The basic ethical assumption of semantics," he wrote, "is that co-operation is preferable to conflict." He explained the practice of co-operation in a paragraph that very few "liberal Democrats" would dare put into print: "A lockout or a strike is a *withdrawal of co-operation*—things are regarded as 'back to normal' when co-operation is restored. We may indeed as individuals compete for jobs, but our function in the job, once we get it, is to contribute at the right time and place to that innumerable series of co-operative acts that eventually result in automobiles being manufactured, in cakes appearing in pastry shops, in department stores being able to serve their customers, in the trains and airlines running as scheduled." Presumably, to struggle for one's rights is to be "unco-operative." This view of life derived from Korzybski, from Chase's attack on Hegel, and from Dr. Hayakawa's own Japanese heritage. His parents gave him the Japan of the late nineteenth century, when *Bushido*, as the precepts of *giri* (the right way) are now called, dictated all social behavior in detail. It is a code of deference and conformity, of obligations that can never be fully repaid.

"I'm much more Japanese than I sound or I . . . sound, in some ways, I think," says Dr. Hayakawa, who has passed a good part of his life not identifying himself as Japanese at all. At Wisconsin he made much of his Canadian birth, and during World War II, while writing a column for the Chicago Defender, he sought identification with the cause of the Negro. "I got involved in the Negro world, starting in 1942," he explains, "and I stayed with that newspaper for five . . . six years as a regular columnist. This is when I acquired my strong identification, which I still have, with the Negro community." It was not a bad time for a Japanese to identify himself with someone else, even the Negro, for it was better to be a second-class citizen than to be interned in California. His draft board classified him as an enemy alien, but Hayakawa protested, pointing out that the U.S. was not at war with Canada.

The act of the disappearing self is not inconsistent with Dr. Hayakawa's philosophy. In an essay called "The Self Image," he wrote: "The secret of acting naturally, and therefore of how to be sane though Negro, is to forget as far as possible that one is Negro." In the same essay, he wrote that the study of Negro literature, art, history and sociology by Negroes is "Jim Crow of the mind." One of the major issues in the student strike at San Francisco State was the creation of an autonomous Black Studies Department, a project which Hayakawa has done everything possible to castrate and destroy.

While still in Chicago, Dr. Hayakawa parted company with Korzybski, and went on to found the International Society for General Semantics, which later became a rival to Korzybski's Institute. The split was so deep that it still has not fully healed, though the two factions did hold a joint conference in Denver last year. The two men did have some differences in approach: Hayakawa was more subjective, while Korzybski preferred a scientific semantics. But it was more a conflict of egos; Korzybski was furious when the Encyclopedia Britannica asked Hayakawa to write the definitive article on "Semantics, General Semantics" for one of its publications. He attacked the article (without mentioning the author's name) in the preface to the third edition of *Science and Sanity*: "It has many misstatements and even falsifications of my work and the work of others, and some statements make no sense."

It was the first of many unhappy partings between Dr. Hayakawa and his fellow general semanticists. But such conflict hardly deterred his career. He had founded the magazine ETC., the official publication of the International Society; his wife was involved in Poetry Magazine, and together they had taken up the cause of co-operative stores. He published a few essays during those years, most of them merely restatements of the ideas he had borrowed from Chase and Korzybski for *Language in Action*. He even wrote an essay called "The Tyranny of Words," the title of Chase's book, without giving credit or mention to Chase.

For several summers Dr. Hayakawa had been teaching at San Francisco State; in 1955 he accepted a position there as lecturer in the Language Arts Department and moved to suburban Mill Valley, taking ETC. with him. He was a famous man and thus an object of great curiosity when he arrived at S.F. State. His classes were filled to overflowing. He was quickly promoted to the rank of professor, though he worked only part-time, never teaching more than six hours and almost always scheduling his one or two classes so that they were held on the same night of the week. Graduate assistants fell under his spell, and students did his secretarial work without pay. A local chapter of the International Society for General Semantics was formed and quickly became a Hayakawa-Korzybski cult in which the words of the masters were treated as divinely inspired truths. There were perhaps a hundred lecture invitations every year, most of them at respectable fees. Hayakawa traveled: during the Johnson Administration

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he was invited to the White House, and Elks, Rotarians, and all the ladies' auxiliaries in Christendom adored him.

IT WAS A PERFECT LIFE but for the one flaw which the professor, anxious for acceptance as he was, could not endure: his academic peers took neither Dr. Hayakawa nor general semantics seriously. They sneered.

"Even murderers I may forgive according to their condition," wrote Yoshio Markino in 1912. "But about sneering, there is no excuse. Let me give you my own definition of two words. Murderer: one who assassinates some human *flesh*. Sneerer: one who assassinates others' SOUL and *heart*." The above is an example used by Ruth Benedict in *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword* to illustrate another aspect of *Bushido*—one which must have made Dr. Hayakawa's situation even more painful for him. "There is extreme identification of a man with his work," she writes, "and any criticism of one's acts or one's competence becomes automatically a criticism of one's self."

Criticism in the academic world is not always couched in tactful phrases. Michael Scriven, a professor of philosophy at Berkeley, has no more regard for Hayakawa and his work now than Professor Hook did in 1941. He compares general semantics to a course in touch-typing, and says of Dr. Hayakawa: "He's an intellectual lightweight who goes around making feeble jokes at cocktail parties." At times it was more than Hayakawa could bear. Dr. Richard Dettering, an associate editor of ETC., says that "Hayakawa broke down and wept after some intellectual criticism during a party in my house. It's happened several times, once in his house too that I remember. On all these occasions he'd had a bit too much to drink; he doesn't hold his liquor well."

The great *contretemps* in Hayakawa's career at San Francisco State occurred one night at a party he was giving for several members of the English Department. Dr. Hayakawa addressed his colleagues rather formally, telling them about the rewards —such as the use of computers and more money—that would accrue to them if only they would move into general semantics. Novelist Mark Harris answered with a bitter attack on general semantics, which was then modified by Mark Linenthal, head of the Poetry Center at S.F. State. In answer to his critics, Dr. Hayakawa retired to a corner and played the harmonica.

His critics say he is egomaniacal. According to Dr. Dettering, "If some little honor comes to him, he tells everyone about it." Lloyd Morain, one of the founders of the International Society for General Semantics, says of Hayakawa: "He's very unilateral in his functioning; he's not a committee person." Others recall the time he cut his own picture out of the Saturday Evening Post and pasted it on the door to his office. Dr. Lloyd Crisp, a former assistant of Hayakawa's, says that "he enjoys the company of men who agree with him, and he's surrounded himself with such people."

Although Dr. Hayakawa has asserted (on *Face the Nation*) that the lecture method is outdated in classroom teaching, his students and associates claim that he did nothing but lecture, refusing to engage in discussion even when students asked questions at the conclusion of his lectures. According to Carolyn Evans, a former student and secretary (unpaid) of Dr. Hayakawa's, he made little or no preparation for his classes, which were often repeats of old lectures or material from his book. And when he was away on speaking tours, she says, it was her job to find films or guest speakers. She estimates that he missed somewhere between one-fourth and one-half of his classes.

Even his public speeches were affected by the question of status. George Price, who was director of the National Defense Education Act Summer Institute in 1965, recalls hiring novelist Ken Kesey and Dr. Hayakawa to lecture during the same week. He offered $400 to Kesey and $100 to Hayakawa. "He must have found out," says Price. "He said that he understood I was paying quite a bit of money to some hippie author. He [Hayakawa] came in with a lecture that had to do with Berlin and problems in Quemoy and Matsu—a ten-year-old lecture . . . . In other words, he gave me his $100 lecture."

George Price's pay scale is a good indication of what was happening to Dr. Hayakawa within the academy and even within general semantics, his own discipline. He was working on dictionaries, but mostly of the kind used by people who are puzzled by words they find in the daily newspaper. His graduate assistants and even some of his students had moved beyond him into more sophisticated questions of language and communication. They found him "a bad listener," and "the promoter of a lunatic fringe." Hayakawa had taken a long fall from the liberal of the forties, the pursuer of methods to end racism, the seeker of the new, the man who sued for peace with all his intelligence.

In 1965, Dr. Hayakawa was visiting the White House, learning the Johnson Administration line on Viet-Nam. His friends were surprised to find him solidly in the Johnson camp by 1966, and more of them deserted him over that issue. But an even greater blow came during the 1968 general semantics convention in Denver. Dr. Anatol Rapoport, professor of mathematical biology at the University of Michigan—a man whose status in academia was such that his name lent some respectability to general semantics—sent a paper to the convention in which he attacked the discipline for its irrelevance to the Viet-Nam war, to urgent problems like poverty, and to revolution. In the paper, Professor Rapoport pointed out that the roots of general semantics lay in middle-class pragmatism, and he spoke of its inability to deal with the acts of "superorganisms." Dr. Hayakawa was furious. During the reading of the paper, he protested and even tried to have the convention adjourned. Professor Rapoport had been his friend and associate since the early days in Chicago. He was the leading theoretician in the International Society, and it was Rapoport's definition of general semantics that had been chosen for an anthology of writing from ETC. Hayakawa had, more or less, been drummed out of the corps of general semanticists by Rapoport's appeal for relevance.

It should not have come as such a shock to Dr. Hayakawa. His theories on politics and semantics grew out of a time when the chief danger was absolutism and the prime need seemed to be for detachment. He could not adjust to a time that called for commitment and action. Since the early '60s, he had been falling behind. Hayakawa had turned against the youth movement, writing that the New Left was the enemy of the Negro and claiming that "the only hope for minorities . . . lies in the broad center of both major parties." He had joined a conservative faculty group at S.F. State called the Faculty Renaissance. He had been insulted by his intellectual friends and he was looking for other constituencies.

When the college began to come apart over the summary

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dismissal of Black Panther George Murray by Chancellor Glenn S. Dumke, Hayakawa, who had rarely spent more than a few hours a week at the school, suddenly began to take an interest in campus politics. He was elected to the five-man Presidential Selection Committee, running as the candidate of the Faculty Renaissance. As the trouble on the campus grew, Hayakawa began sending letters to Chancellor Dumke, explaining his position on student problems.

Robert Smith, San Francisco State's second president in less than a year, tried to settle the student unrest through a public dialogue between student radicals and members of the faculty and administration. In the midst of this convocation, Smith was called away to a meeting of the trustees of the State College system. That meeting ended with Smith resigning or being fired and with an announcement by Chancellor Dumke that Dr. S. I. Hayakawa—who had never before held an administrative position, even that of department head—was to be acting president of State.

The Presidential Selection Committee was irate. They had not been consulted or even informed of Hayakawa's appointment. Dr. Eric Solomon, a member of the committee, said they had made a gentleman's agreement that none of the five would accept the job of president. Dr. Hayakawa claimed he knew of no such agreement. He also said that his letters to the chancellor were not solicitations of the position, although Dumke has acknowledged that "the letters definitely entered into it." There can be little doubt that Dr. Hayakawa wanted the job, that his battered ego demanded it. He called his first day in the office, "The most exciting day of my life." The phoenix was entering its cycle of rebirth.

DR. HAYAKAWA WAS UNLIKE any president San Francisco State or any other college had ever seen. He appeared on the campus wearing a tam-o'-shanter. He draped himself in floral leis. He climbed atop a student sound truck, scuffled with the students and ripped the wires from the metal speakers. He appeared on a local television station where he was shown films of police beating striking students, and claimed that the film was not real evidence. At every opportunity he called police onto the campus, often as many as 600. The students were enraged and the faculty appalled, but Hayakawa's new constituency was delighted. Overnight, Dr. Hayakawa became a public hero. His entrance at meetings of civic clubs elicited standing ovations; the letters and telegrams of support poured in. He quickly abandoned the traditional view that the first responsibility of a college is to the education of its students, saying in a television interview that as the president of a state college, his first responsibility was to the taxpayers.

By that time, the American Federation of Teachers had gone on strike, demanding autonomy, lighter class loads and the resolution of student demands. It was less than a third of the faculty, but it was the best of the faculty—those people in the Humanities, Fine Arts and Social Sciences who had given the college a reputation far beyond what could be expected for a school Hayakawa termed "a working-class, streetcar college."

Hayakawa kept the police on the campus. He attacked the teachers as opportunists. He walked out in the middle of an interview broadcast by KQED, the local educational television station, after a violent argument in which he shouted that the interviewers were persecuting him. His temper tantrums were frequent and nasty.* He referred to the Creative Writing Department of the college as a bunch of "frustrated writers." The department includes National Book Award winner Wright Morris, and Kay Boyle, Herbert Wilner and Leo Litwak. He declared that a reduction of the 12-hour weekly teaching load was unnecessary, claiming that one often needed only ten minutes to prepare for a class. His statements, though often made in anger, seemed calculated to enrage the student and faculty strikers and please the public.

Dr. Hayakawa claimed the striking teachers must be fired because of a state law that makes any unauthorized absence of five days an automatic resignation, and the thought that such a mass dismissal would decimate the faculty didn't upset him. "If it's decimated," he said, "that's one in ten, and we'll have nine left." The idea causes him to smile; the ones who will be fired are the ones who sneered. But there is possibly a further sweetness in it for him; he is legally limited to carrying out the wishes of the trustees and Governor Reagan in almost all instances, but those who are fired might be taken back on his recommendation.

But the sweet time is slow in coming, though he is helped toward it by a very efficient personal publicity man, Michael Teilmann, who was hired by W. Clement Stone, a Chicago millionaire and one of Nixon's chief financial backers. Teilmann promotes his client as "a little man with a lot of guts," but Hayakawa often appears unsure of himself, wary, threatened.

He arrives on campus at 10:30, a little man, dressed in last year's nattiness. A tall, old Negro from Jackson, Mississippi, his grey topcoat shapeless and almost floor-length, is waiting to shake hands with Dr. Hayakawa and congratulate him on his good work. It is a brief, spirited moment of vindication.

Inside his office, Dr. Hayakawa is a nervous man, with greying hair and triangular eyebrows. He is a tiny pacer whose hands are dwarfed by the scope of his shirtcuffs. He kneels on chairs to look out at the campus. He reaches into his pocket for a handful of coins and pours them from one hand to the other in a Midas gesture. There are police outside. He has an armed bodyguard and police patrol the area around his house. His formal affability is quickly converted to anger. His jokes and his milquetoast voice and manner turn suddenly into attacks on the "sons of bitches."

The political allegiances of a lifetime have fled from him now. His friends are the racists and the Reagans, and though his power derives from them, he cannot countenance them. General semantics, the verbal panacea to which he devoted most of his life, has proved useless in his new position, and he has resorted to force. He has become a hero of the people, the darling of his former enemies, one of the world's leading anti-intellectuals. But he twitches and falters—he knows. It would be a gross underestimation of the man to think he does not know that the popularity of quislings is short-lived.

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* "There are a number of ways in which we can detect unhealthy reactions in ourselves. One of the most obvious symptoms is sudden displays of temper."

—S. I. Hayakawa, *Language in Thought and Action.*

Earl Shorris is a San Francisco-based novelist and free-lance writer whose work has appeared in a number of magazines. His most recent novel is Boots of the Virgin (*Delacorte*).

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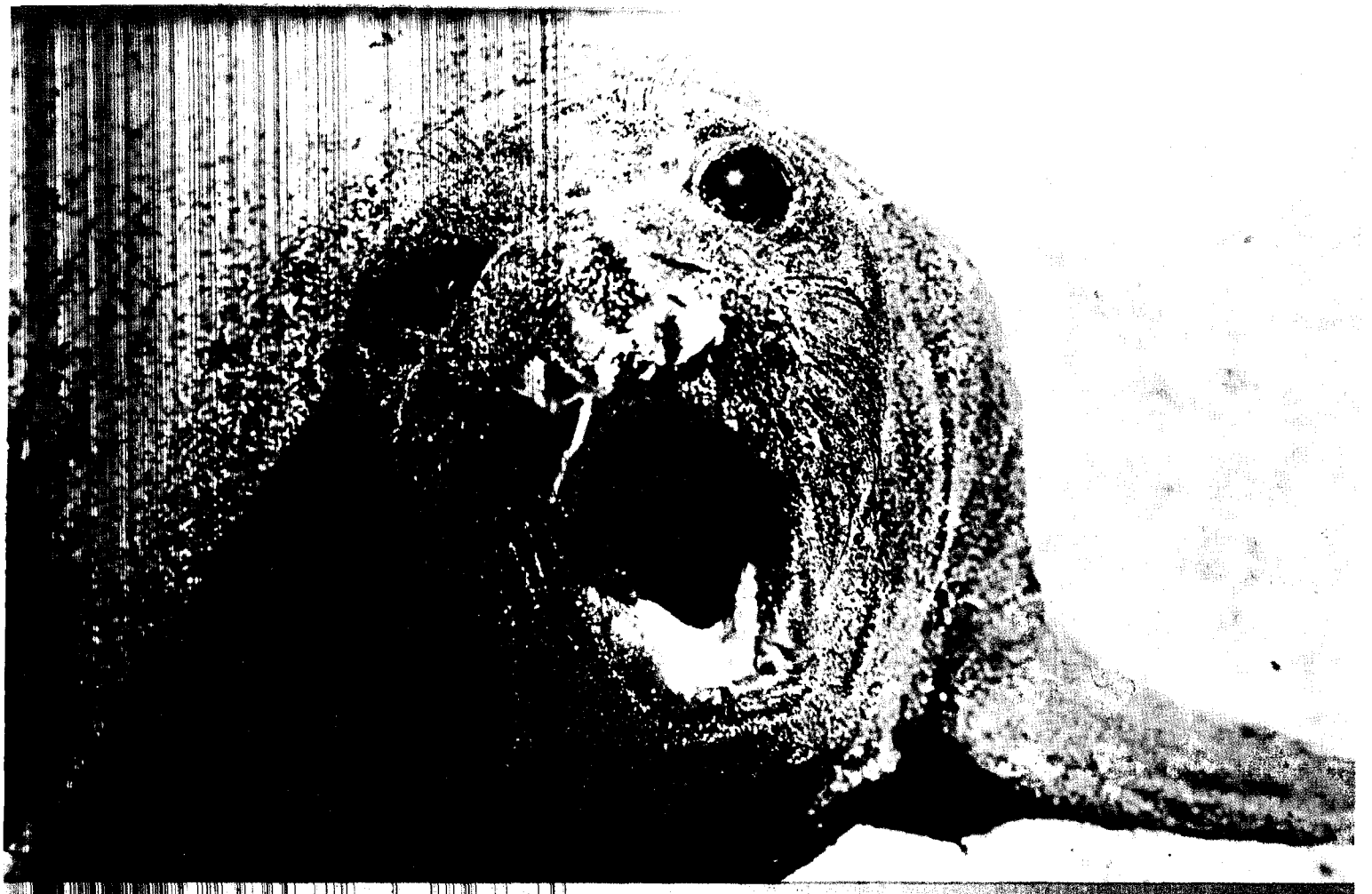

Barbara:

Oil in the Velvet Playground

by Harvey Molotch

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SANTA BARBARA SEEMS WORLDS apart both from the sprawling Los Angeles metropolis a hundred miles further south on the coast highway and from the avant-garde San Francisco Bay Area to the north. It has always been calm, clean and orderly. Of the city's 70,000 residents, a large number are upper and upper-middle class. They are people who have a wide choice of places in the world to live, but they have chosen Santa Barbara because of its ideal climate, gentle beauty and sophistication. Hard-rock Republicans, they vote for any GOP candidate who comes along, including Ronald Reagan and Max Rafferty, California's right-wing Superintendent of Public Education.

Under normal circumstances, Santa Barbarans are not the sort of people who are accustomed to experiencing stark threats to their survival, or arbitrary, contemptuous handling of their wishes. They are an unlikely group to be forced to confront brutal realities about how the "normal channels" in America can become hopelessly clogged and unresponsive. Yet this is exactly what happened when the Union Oil Company's well erupted in the Santa Barbara Channel last January, causing an unparalleled ecological disaster, the effects of which are still washing up on the local beaches.

In the ensuing months it became clear that more than petroleum had leaked out from Union Oil's drilling platform. Some basic truths about power in America had spilled out along with it. The oil disaster was more than simply another omen for an increasingly "accident-prone" civilization. Precisely because it was an accident—a sudden intrusion into an extremely orderly social process—it provided Santa Barbarans with sharp insights into the way our society is governed and into the power relationships that dictate its functions.

Across the political spectrum in Santa Barbara, the response has been much the same: fury. Some, including persons who never before had made a political move in their lives, were led from petition campaigns to the picket line and demonstrations, to the sit-down, and even to the sail-in. The position they finally came to occupy shows that radicalism is not, as experts like Bruno Bettelheim have implied, a subtle form of mental imbalance caused by rapid technological change or by the increasing impersonality of the modern world; radicals are not "immature," "undisciplined" or "anti-intellectual." Quite the contrary. They are persons who live in conditions where injustice is apparent, and who have access to more complete information about their plight than the average man, giving them a perspective that allows them to become angry in a socially meaningful way. In short, radicals are persons who make the most rational (and moral) response, given the social and political circumstances. Thus, as recent sociological studies have shown, radical movements like SDS draw their memberships disproportionately from the most intelligent and informed members of their constituent populations.

[OPTIMISTIC INDIGNATION: GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE]

FOR OVER FIFTEEN YEARS, Santa Barbara's political leaders attempted to prevent the despoilation of their coastline by oil drilling in adjacent federal waters. Although they were unsuccessful in blocking the leasing of *federal* waters beyond the three-mile limit, they were able to establish a sanctuary within *state* waters (thus foregoing the extraordinary revenues which leases in such areas bring to adjacent localities). It was therefore a great irony that the one city which had voluntarily exchanged revenue for a pure environment should find itself faced, in January of 1969, with a massive eruption which was ultimately to cover the entire city coastline with a thick coat of crude oil. The air was soured for many hundreds of feet inland, and tourism—the traditional economic base of the region—was severely threatened. After ten days, the runaway well was brought under control, only to erupt again in February. This fissure was closed in March, but was followed by a sustained "seepage" of oil—a leakage which continues today to pollute the sea, the air and the famed local beaches. The oil companies had paid a record $603 million for their lease rights, and neither they nor the federal government bore any significant legal responsibility toward the localities which those lease rights might endanger.

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The response of Santa Barbarans to this pollution of their near-perfect environment was immediate. A community organization called "GOO" (Get Oil Out!) was established under the leadership of a former state senator and a local corporate executive. GOO took a strong stand against any and all oil activity in the Channel and circulated a petition to that effect which eventually gained 110,000 signatures and was sent to President Nixon. The stodgy Santa Barbara News-Press (oldest daily newspaper in Southern California, its masthead proclaims) inaugurated a series of editorials, unique in their uncompromising stridency and indicative of the angry mood of the community. "The people of the Santa Barbara area can never be repaid for the hurt that has been done to them and their environment," said a front-page editorial. "They are angry—and this is not the time for them to lose their anger. This is the time for them to fight for action that will guarantee absolutely and permanently that there will be no recurrence of the nightmare of the last two weeks. . . ."

The same theme emerged in the hundreds of letters published by the News-Press in the weeks that followed and in the positions taken by virtually every local civic and government body. Rallies were held at the beach, and GOO petitions were circulated at local shopping centers and sent to sympathizers around the country. Local artists, playwrights, advertising men, retired executives and academic specialists from the local campus of the University of California executed special projects appropriate to their areas of expertise.

A GOO strategy emerged for an attack on two fronts. Local indignation, producing the petition to the President and thousands of letters to key members of Congress and the executive, would lead to appropriate legislation. Legal action against the oil companies and the federal government would have the double effect of recouping some of the financial losses certain to be suffered by the local tourist and fishing industries while at the same time serving notice that drilling in the Channel would become a much less profitable operation. Legislation to ban drilling was introduced by Senator Alan Cranston in the U.S. Senate and Representative Charles Teague in the House of Representatives. Joint suits for $1 billion in damages were filed against the oil companies and the federal government by the city and county of Santa Barbara (later joined by the State of California).

All of these activities—petitions, rallies, court action and legislative lobbying—expressed their proponents' basic faith in "the system." There was a muckraking tone to the Santa Barbara protest: the profit-mad executives of Union Oil were ruining the coastline, but once national and state leaders became aware of what was going on and were provided with the "facts" of the case, justice would be done.

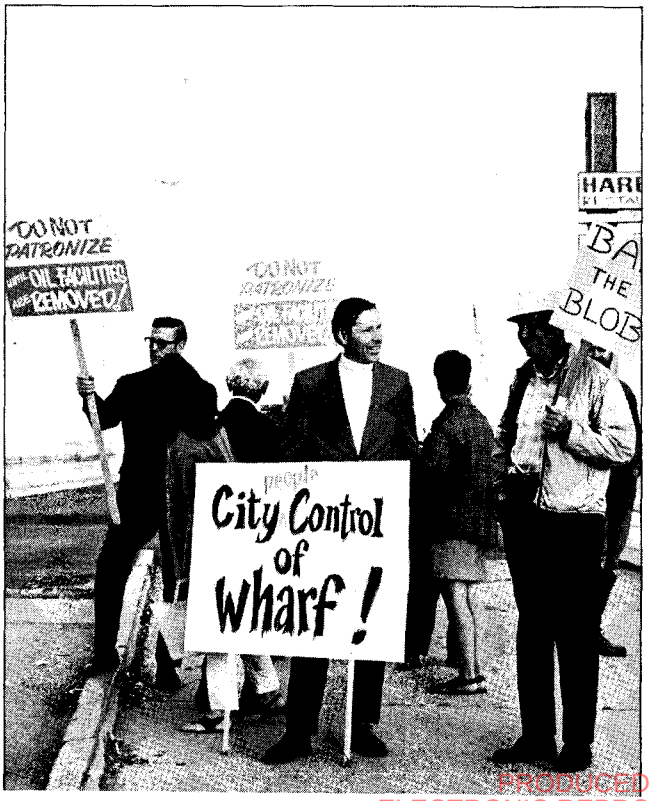
Indeed, there was good reason for hope. The quick and enthusiastic responses of the right-wing Teague and the liberal Cranston represented a consensus of men otherwise polar opposites in their political behavior. But from other important quarters there was silence. Santa Barbara's representatives in the state legislature either said nothing or (in later stages) offered only minimal support. Most disappointing of all to Santa Barbarans, Governor Ronald Reagan withheld support for proposals which would end the drilling.

As subsequent events unfolded, the seemingly inexplicable silence of most of the democratically-elected representatives began to fall into place as part of a more general pattern. Santa Barbarans began to see American democracy as a very complicated affair—not simply a system in which governmental officials carry out the desires of their constituents once those desires become known. Instead, increasing recognition came to be given to the "all-powerful Oil lobby"; to legislators "in the pockets of Oil"; to academicians "bought" by Oil and to regulatory agencies that lobby for those they are supposed to regulate. In other words, Santa Barbarans became increasingly ideological, increasingly sociological and, in the words of some observers, increasingly "radical." Writing from his lodgings in the Santa Barbara Biltmore, the city's most exclusive residence hotel, an irate citizen penned these words in a letter published in the local paper: "We the People can protest and protest and it means nothing because the industrial and military junta are the country. They tell us, the People, what is good for the oil companies is good for the People. To that I say, Like Hell! . . . Profit is their language and the proof of all this is their history."

[DISILLUSIONMENT: GOVERNMENT BY OIL]

FROM THE START, Secretary of Interior Walter Hickel was regarded with suspicion, and his publicized associations with Alaskan oil interests did little to improve his image in Santa Barbara. When he called a halt to drilling immediately after the initial eruption, some Santa Barbarans began to believe that he would back them up. But even the most optimistic were quite soon forced to recognize that government policy would indeed confirm their worst fears. For, only one day later, Secretary Hickel ordered a resumption of drilling and production—even as the oil continued to gush into the Channel.

Within 48 hours Hickel reversed his position and ordered another halt to the drilling. But this time his action was seen as a direct response to the massive nationwide media play then being given to the Santa Barbara plight and to the citizens' mass outcry just then beginning to reach Washington. Santa Barbarans were further disenchanted with Hickel and the executive branch both because the Interior Department failed



Photograph courtesy of Sierra Club

GOO! pickets on Santa Barbara wharf, among them John Schaff, painting contractor; Bud Bottorns, G. E. Tempo employee; Kenneth Miller [Ross McDonald] mystery writer.

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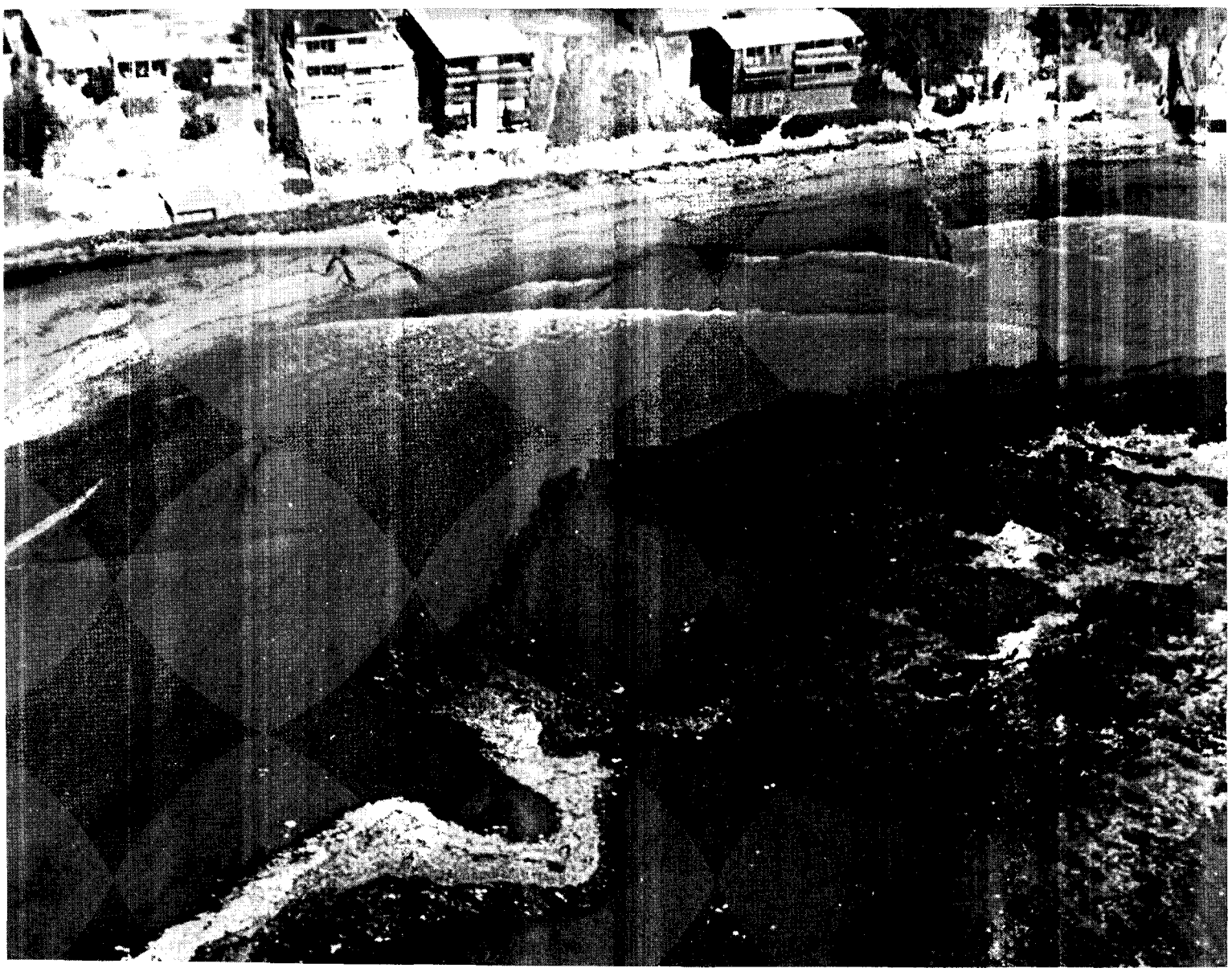

Oil staining Santa Barbara beach.

to back any legislation to halt drilling and because it consistently attempted to downplay the entire affair—minimizing the extent of the damages and hinting at possible "compromises" which were seen locally as near-total capitulation to the oil companies.

One question on which government officials systematically erred on the side of Oil was that of the *volume* of oil spilling into the Channel. The U.S. Geological Survey (administered by the Department of the Interior), when queried by reporters, produced estimates which Santa Barbarans could only view as incredible. Located in Santa Barbara is a technological establishment among the most sophisticated in the country—the General Research Corporation, a research and development firm with experience in marine technology. Several officials of the corporation made their own study of the oil outflow and announced findings of pollution volume at a minimum of *ten-fold* that of the government's estimate. The methods which General Research used to prepare its estimates were made public. The Geological Survey and the oil interests, however, continued to blithely issue their own lower figures, refusing to provide any substantiating arguments.

Another point of contention was the effect of the oil on the beaches. The oil companies, through various public relations officials, constantly minimized the actual amount of damage and maximized the effect of Union Oil's cleanup activities; and the Department of the Interior seemed determined to support Union Oil's claims. Thus Hickel referred at a press conference to the "recent" oil spill, providing the impression that the oil spill was over at a time when freshly erupting oil was continuing to stain local beaches. When President Nixon appeared locally to "inspect" the damage to beaches, Interior arranged for him to land his helicopter on a city beach which had been thoroughly cleaned in the days just before, thus sparing him a close-up of much of the rest of the county shoreline, which continued to be covered with a thick coat of crude oil. (The beach visited by Nixon has been oil-stained on many occasions subsequent to the President's departure.) Secret servicemen kept the placards and shouts of several hundred demonstrators at a safe distance from the President.

The damage to the "ecological chain," while still of unknown proportions, was treated in a similarly deceptive way. A great many birds died from oil which they had ingested while trying

Photograph courtesy of Sierra Club

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to preen their oil-soaked feathers—a process Santa Barbarans saw in abundant examples. In what local and national authorities called a hopeless task, two bird-cleaning centers were established (with help from oil company money) to cleanse feathers and otherwise minister to injured wildfowl. Spokesmen from both Oil and the federal government then adopted these centers as sources of "data" on the extent of damage to the bird life. Thus, the number of birds killed by oil pollution was computed on the basis of the number of fatalities at the wildfowl centers. It was a preposterous method and was recognized as such. Clearly, the dying birds in the area were provided with inefficient means of propelling themselves to these designated centers.

At least those birds in the hands of local ornithologists could be confirmed as dead, and this fact could not be disputed by either Oil or Interior. This was not so, however, with species whose corpses are more difficult to produce on command. Several official observers at the Channel Islands, a national wildlife preserve containing one of the country's largest colonies of sea animals, reported sighting unusually large numbers of dead sea lion pups on the oil-stained shores of one of the islands. Statement and counter-statement followed, with Oil's defenders (including the Department of the Navy) arguing that the animals were not dead at all, but only appeared inert because they were sleeping. In a similar case, the dramatic beaching in Northern California of an unusually large number of dead whales—whales which had just completed their migration through the Santa Barbara Channel—was acknowledged, but held not to be caused by oil pollution.

In the end, it was not simply the Interior Department, its U.S. Geological Survey and the President who either supported or tacitly accepted Oil's public relations tactics. The regulatory agencies at both national and state levels, by action, inaction and implication, effectively defended Oil at virtually every turn. In a letter to complaining citizens, for instance, N. B. Livermore Jr. of the Resources Agency of California referred to the continuing oil spill as "minor seepage" with "no major long term effect on the marine ecology." The letter adopted the perspective of Interior and Oil, even though the state was in no way being held culpable for the spill. This tendency was so blatant that it led the State Deputy Attorney General, Charles O'Brien, to charge the state conservation boards with "industry domination." Thomas Gaines, a Union Oil executive, actually sits on the state agency board most directly connected with the control of pollution in Channel waters.

Understandably enough, Secretary Hickel's announcement that the Interior Department was generating new "tough" regulations to control off-shore drilling was met with considerable skepticism. The Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors was invited to "review" these new regulations and refused to do so in the belief that such participation would be used to provide a false impression of democratic responsiveness.

In previous years when they were fighting against the leasing of the Channel, the Supervisors had been assured of technological safeguards; now, as the emergency continued, they could witness for themselves the absence of any method for ending the leakage in the Channel. They also had heard the testimony of Donald Solanas, a regional supervisor of Interior's U.S. Geological Survey, who said about the Union platform eruption: "I could have had an engineer on that platform 24 hours a day, seven days a week and he couldn't have prevented the accident." His explanation of the cause of the "accident"? "Mother earth broke down on us." Given these facts, Santa Barbarans saw Interior's proposed regulations—and the invitation to the County to participate in making them—as only a ruse to preface a resumption of drilling.

Their suspicions were confirmed when the Interior Department announced a selective resumption of drilling "to relieve pressures." The new "tough" regulations were themselves seriously flawed by the fact that most of their provisions specified measures (such as buoyant booms around platforms, use of chemical dispersants, etc.) which had proven almost totally useless in the current emergency.

The new regulations did specify that oil companies would henceforth be financially responsible for damages resulting from pollution mishaps. Several of the oil companies have now entered suit (supported by the ACLU) against the federal government, complaining that the arbitrary changing of lease conditions deprives them of rights of due process.

Irritations with Interior were paralleled by frustrations encountered in dealing with the congressional committee which had the responsibility of holding hearings on ameliorative legislation. A delegation of Santa Barbarans was scheduled to testify in Washington on the Cranston bill to ban drilling. From the questions which congressmen asked them, and the manner in which they were "handled," the delegates could only conclude that the committee was "in the pockets of Oil." As one of the returning delegates put it, the presentation bespoke of "total futility."

At this writing, six months after their introduction, both the Cranston and Teague bills, though significantly softened, lie buried in committee with little prospect of surfacing.

[DISILLUSIONMENT: POWER IS KNOWLEDGE]

THE AMERICAN DREAM IS A DREAM of progress, of the efficacy of know-how and technology; science is seen as both servant and savior. From the start, part of the shock of the oil spill was that such a thing could happen in a country having such a sophisticated technology. The much overworked phrase "If we can send a man to the moon . . ." took on special meaning in Santa Barbara. When, in years previous, Santa Barbara's elected officials had attempted to halt the original sale of leases, "assurances" were given by Interior that such an "accident" could not occur, given the highly developed state of the industry. Not only did it occur, but the original gusher of oil spewed forth completely out of control for ten days, and the continual "seepage" which followed it remains uncontrolled to the present moment—seven months later. That the government would embark upon so massive a drilling program with such unsophisticated technology was shocking indeed.

Further, not only was the technology inadequate and the plans for stopping a leak, should one occur, nonexistent, but the area in which the drilling took place was known from the outset to be extremely hazardous. That is, drilling was occurring on an ocean bottom known for its extraordinary geological circumstances—porous sand lacking a bedrock "ceiling" capable of restraining uncontrollably seeping oil. Thus, the continuing leakage through the sands at various points above the oil reservoir cannot be stopped, and this could

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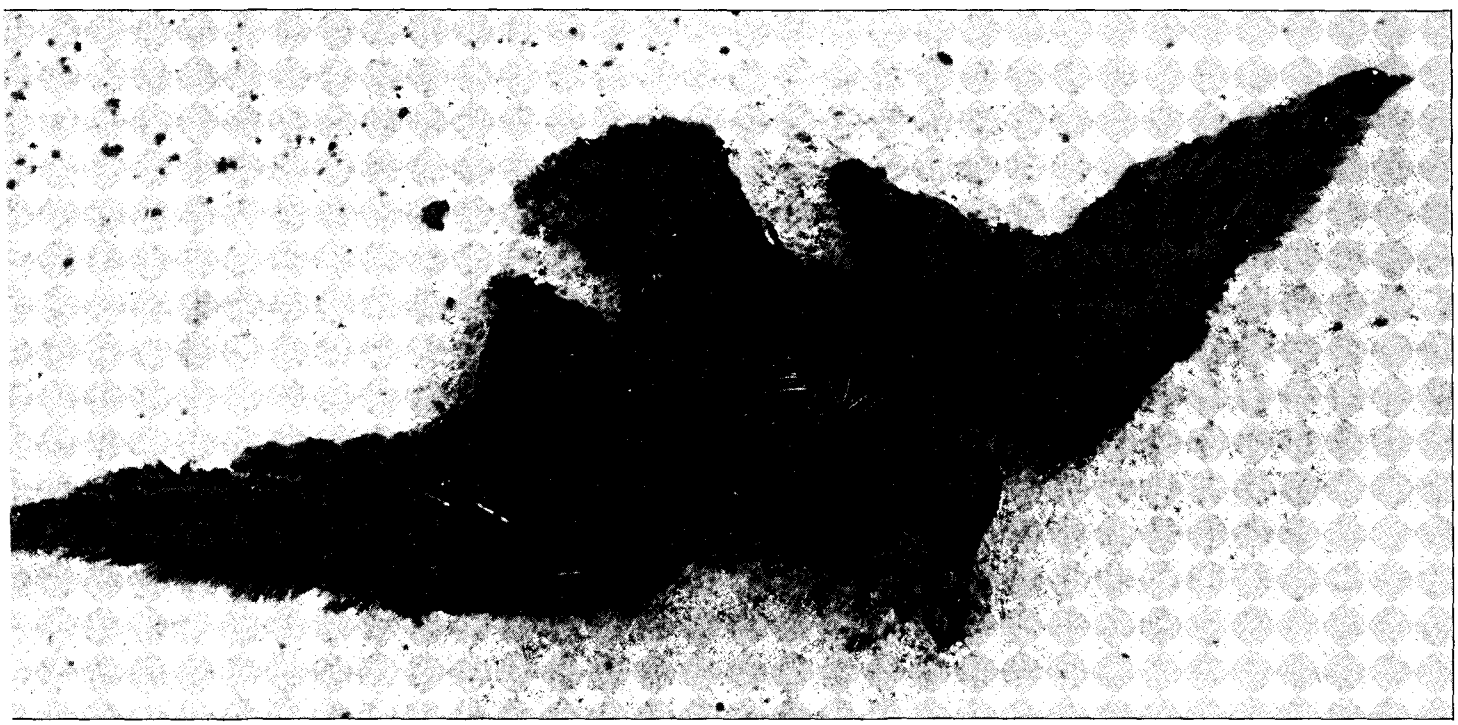
have been predicted from the data known to all parties involved.

Another peculiarity of the Channel that had been known to the experts is the fact that it is located in the heart of earthquake activity in a region which is among the most earthquake prone in the country. Santa Barbarans are now asking what might occur during an earthquake; if pipes on the ocean floor and casings through the ocean bottom should be sheared, the damage done by the Channel's thousands of potential producing wells would devastate the entire coast of Southern California. The striking contrast between the sophistication of the means used to locate and extract oil and the primitiveness of the means to control and clean its spillage became extremely clear in Santa Barbara.

Recurrent attempts have been made to ameliorate the continuing seep by placing floating booms around an area of leakage and then sending workboats to skim off the leakage from within the demarcated area. Chemical dispersants of various kinds have also been tried. But the oil bounces over the booms in the choppy waters, the workboats suck up only a drop in the bucket, and the dispersants are effective only when used in quantities which constitute a graver pollution threat than the oil they are designed to eliminate. Cement is poured into suspected fissures in an attempt to seal them up. Oil on the beaches is periodically cleaned by dumping straw over the sands and then raking it up along with the oil which it has absorbed. The common sight of men throwing straw on miles of beaches, within view of complex drilling rigs capable of exploiting resources thousands of feet below the ocean's surface, became a clear symbol to Santa Barbarans. They gradually began to see the oil disaster as the product of a system that promotes research and development in areas which lead to strategic profitability—without regard for social utility.

This kind of subordination of science to profit came out more directly in the workings of the Presidential committee of "distinguished" scientists and engineers (the DuBridge Panel) which was to recommend means of eliminating the seepage under Platform A. When the panel was appointed, hopes were raised that at last the scientific establishment of the nation would come forth with a technologically sophisticated solution to the problem. Instead, the panel—after a two-day session and after hearing no testimony from anyone not connected with either Oil or the Interior Department—recommended the "solution" of drilling an additional 50 wells under Platform A in order to pump the area dry as quickly as possible. One member of the panel estimated that the process would take from 10 to 20 years. Despite an immediate local clamor, Interior refused to make public the data or the reasoning behind the recommendations. The information on Channel geological conditions had been provided by the oil companies (the Geological Survey routinely depends upon the oil industry for the data upon which it makes its "regulatory" decisions). The data, being private property, thus could not be released—or so the government claimed. For Union Oil itself has given a clearance to the public release of the data. In this way both parties are neatly protected, while Santa Barbara's local experts remain thwarted by the counter-arguments of Oil/Interior that "if you had the information we have, you would agree with us."



Sea gull killed by oil.

Science played a similarly partisan role in other areas of the fight that Santa Barbarans were waging against the oil companies. The Chief Deputy Attorney General of California, for example, complained that the oil industry "is preventing oil drilling experts from aiding the Attorney General's office in its lawsuits over the Santa Barbara oil spill." Noting that his office had been unable to get assistance from petroleum experts at California universities, the Deputy Attorney General stated: "The university experts all seem to be working on grants from the oil industry. There is an atmosphere of fear. The experts are afraid that if they assist us in our case on behalf of the

Photograph by Dick Smith

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people of California, they will lose their oil industry grants."

At the Santa Barbara campus of the University, there is little oil money in evidence and few, if any, faculty members have entered into proprietory research arrangements with Oil. Petroleum geology and engineering is simply not a local specialty. Yet it is a fact that oil interests did contact several Santa Barbara faculty members with offers of funds for studies on the ecological effects of the oil spill, with publication rights stipulated by Oil. It is also the case that the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration explicitly requested a U.C. Santa Barbara botanist to withhold the findings of his study, funded by that agency, on the ecological effects of the spill.

Most of these revelations received no publicity outside of Santa Barbara. The Attorney's allegation, however, did become something of a state-wide issue when a professor at the Berkeley campus, in his attempt to refute the charge, actually confirmed it. Wilbur H. Somerton, professor of petroleum engineering, indicated he could not testify against Oil "because my work depends on good relations with the petroleum industry. My interest is serving the petroleum industry. I view my obligation to the community as supplying it with well-trained petroleum engineers. We train the industry's engineers and they help us."

Santa Barbara's leaders were incredulous about the whole affair. The question—one which is asked more often by the downtrodden sectors of the society than by the privileged—was posed: "Whose university is this, anyway?" A local executive and GOO leader asked, "If the truth isn't in the universities, where is it?" A conservative member of the state legislature, in a move reminiscent of SDS demands, went so far as to demand an end to all faculty "moonlighting" for industry. In Santa Barbara, the only place where all of this publicity was appearing, there was thus an opportunity for insight into the linkages between knowledge, the university, government and oil—and into the resultant non-neutrality of science. The backgrounds of many members of the DuBridge Panel were linked publicly to the oil industry. DuBridge himself, as a past president of Cal Tech, served under a board of trustees which included the president of Union Oil and which accepted substantial Union Oil donations.

While "academic truth" was being called into question, some truths not usually dwelt on by Oil's experts were gaining public attention. In another of its front-page editorials, the News-Press set forth a number of revealing facts about the oil industry. The combination of output restrictions, extraordinary tax write-off privileges for drilling expenses, the import quota, and the 27½ per cent depletion allowance creates an artificially high price for U.S. oil—a price almost double the world market price for a comparable product delivered to comparable U.S. destinations. The combination of available incentives creates a situation where some oil companies pay no taxes whatsoever during extraordinarily profitable years. In the years 1962-1966, Standard Oil of New Jersey paid less than four per cent of its profits in taxes, Standard of California less than three per cent, and 22 of the other largest oil companies paid slightly more than six per cent. It was pointed out again and again to Santa Barbarans that it was this system of subsidy which made the relatively high cost deep-sea exploration and drilling in the Channel profitable in the first place. Thus the citizens of Santa Barbara, as federal taxpayers and fleeced consumers, were subsidizing their own eco-catastrophe.

[THE MECHANISMS OF DECEPTION]

THE WAY IN WHICH FEDERAL OFFICIALS and the oil industry frustrated the democratic process and thwarted popular dissent in Santa Barbara is hardly unfamiliar. But the upper-middle-class nature of the community, and the sharp features of an event which was a sudden disruption of normality, make it an ideal case for illustrating some of the techniques by which the powers that be maintain the status quo.

The first of these has been described by Daniel Boorstin as the technique of the "pseudo-event." A pseudo-event occurs when men arrange conditions to simulate a particular kind of event so that certain prearranged consequences follow as though the actual event had taken place. Several pseudo-events took place in Santa Barbara. From the outset, it was obvious that national actions concerning oil were aimed at freezing out any local participation in decisions affecting the Channel. Thus, when the federal government first called for bids on a Channel lease in 1968, local officials were not even informed. Further, local officials were not notified by any government agency in the case of the original oil spill, nor (except after the spill was already widely known) in the case of any of the previous or subsequent more "minor" spills. The thrust of the federal government's colonialist attitude toward the local community was contained in an Interior Department engineer's memo released by Senator Cranston's office. Written to the Assistant Secretary of the Interior to explain the policy of refusing to hold public hearings prior to drilling, it said: "We preferred not to stir up the natives any more than possible."

The Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors turned down the call for "participation" in drawing up new "tougher" drilling regulations precisely because they knew the government had no intention of creating "safe" drilling regulations. They refused to utilize "normal channels," refusing thereby to take part in the pseudo-event and thus to let the consequences (in this case the appearance of democratic decision-making and local assent) of a non-event occur.

There were other attempts to stage pseudo-events. Nixon's "inspection" of the Santa Barbara beachfront was an obvious one. Another series of such events were the congressional hearings set up by legislators who were, in the words of a well-to-do lady leader of GOO, "kept men." The locals were allowed to blow off steam at the hearings, but their arguments, however cogent, failed to bring about legislation appropriate to the pollution crisis. Many Santa Barbarans had a similar impression of the court hearings regarding the various legal maneuvers against oil drilling.

Another technique for diffusing and minimizing popular protest evidenced in the Santa Barbara affair might be called the "creeping event." A creeping event is, in a sense, the opposite of a pseudo-event. It occurs when something *is* actually taking place, but when the manifestations of the event are arranged to occur at an inconspicuously gradual and piecemeal pace, thus avoiding some of the consequences which would follow from the event if it were immediately perceived to be occurring.

The major creeping event in Santa Barbara was the piecemeal resumption of production and drilling after Hickel's second moratorium. Authorization to resume *production* at different

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specific groups of wells occurred on various dates throughout February and early March. Authorization to resume *drilling* of various groups of new wells was announced by Interior on dates from April 1 through August. Each resumption was announced as a particular safety precaution to relieve pressures, until finally on the most recent resumption date, the word "deplete" was used for the first time in explaining the granting of permission to drill. There is thus no *specific* point in time at which production and drilling were re-authorized for the Channel—and full resumption still has not been officially authorized.

A creeping event has the consequence of diffusing resistance by withholding what journalists call a "time peg" on which to hang the story. By the time it becomes quite clear that "something *is* going on," the sponsors of the creeping event (and the aggrieved themselves) can ask why there should be any protest "now" when there was none before, in the face of the very same kind of provocation. In this way, the aggrieved has resort only to frustration and the gnawing feeling that events are sweeping by him.

A third way of minimizing legitimate protest is by use of the alleged "neutrality" of science and the knowledge producers. I have discussed the "experts" and the University. After learning of the collusion between government and Oil and the use of secret science as a prop to that collusion, Santa Barbarans found themselves in the unenviable position of having to demonstrate that science and knowledge were not, in fact, neutral arbiters. They had to prove, *by themselves*, that continued drilling was not safe; that the "experts" who said it was safe were the hirelings, directly or indirectly, of oil interests; and that the report of the DuBridge Panel recommending massive drilling was a fraudulent document. They had to show that the university petroleum geologists themselves were in league with the oil companies and that information unfavorable to the oil interests was systematically withheld by virtue of the very structure of the knowledge industry. This is no small task. It is a long and complicated story, and one which pits lay persons (and a few academic renegades) against an entire profession and the patrons of that profession. An illustration of the difficulties involved may be drawn from very recent history. Seventeen Santa Barbara plaintiffs, represented by the ACLU, sought a temporary injunction against additional Channel drilling at least until the information utilized by the DuBridge Panel was made public and a hearing could be held. The injunction was not granted, and in the end the presiding federal judge ruled in favor of what he termed the "expert" opinions available to the Secretary of the Interior. Due to limited time for rebuttal, the disorienting confusions of courtroom procedures, and also perhaps the desire not to offend the Court, the ACLU lawyer could not make his subtle, complex and highly controversial case that the "experts" were partisans and that their scientific "findings" followed from that partisanship.

A fourth obstacle was placed in the way of dissenters by the communications media. Just as the courtroom setting was not amenable to a full reproduction of the facts supporting the ACLU case, so the media in general—due to restrictions of time and style—prevented a full airing of the details of the case. A more cynical analysis of the media's inability to make known the Santa Barbara "problem" in its full fidelity might hinge on an allegation that the media were constrained by fear of "pressures" from Oil and its allies. Metromedia, for example, sent to Santa Barbara a team which spent several days documenting, interviewing and filming for an hour-long program—only to suddenly drop the project entirely due to what is reported by locals in touch with the network to have been "pressures" from Oil. Even without such blatant interventions, however, the full reproduction of the Santa Barbara "news" would remain problematic.

News media are notorious for the anecdotal nature of their reporting; even so-called "think pieces" rarely go beyond a stringing together of proximate events. There are no analyses of the "mobilization of bias" or linkages of men's actions with their pecuniary interests. Science and learning are assumed to be neutral; regulatory agencies are assumed to function as "watchdogs" for the public. Information contradicting these assumptions is treated as an exotic exception.

The complexity of the situations to be reported and the wealth of details needed to support such analyses require more time and effort than journalists have at their command. Their recitation would produce long stories not consistent with space limitations and make-up preferences of newspapers, or with analogous requirements within the other media. A full telling of the story would tax the reader/viewer and would risk boring him. The rather extensive media coverage of the oil spill centered on a few dramatic moments in its history (e.g., the initial gusher of oil) and a few simple-to-tell "human interest" stories such as the pathetic deaths of the sea birds struggling along the oil-covered sands. With increasing temporal and geographical distance from the initial spill, national coverage became increasingly rare and sloppy. Interior Department statements on the state of the "crisis" were reported without local rejoinders as the newsmen who might have gathered them began leaving the scene. While the Santa Barbara spill received extraordinarily extensive national coverage relative to other controversial events, this coverage nevertheless failed to adequately inform the American public about a situation which Santa Barbarans knew from first-hand experience.

Finally, perhaps the most pernicious technique of all because of the damage it does to the social conscience, is the routinization of evil. Pollution of the Santa Barbara Channel is now routine; the issue is not whether or not the Channel is polluted, but *how much* it is polluted. A recent oil slick discovered off a Phillips Oil platform in the Channel was dismissed by an oil company official as a "routine" drilling by-product which was not viewed as "obnoxious." That about half of the oil currently seeping into the Channel is allegedly being recovered is taken as an improvement sufficient to preclude the "outrage" that a big national story would require.

Similarly, the pollution of the moral environment becomes routine; it is accepted as natural that politicians are "on the take," "in the pockets of Oil." The depletion allowance remains a question of percentages (20 per cent or 27½ per cent), rather than a focus for questioning the very legitimacy of such special benefits. "Compromises" emerge, such as the 24 per cent depletion allowance and the new "tough" drilling regulations, which are already being hailed as "victories" for the reformers. Like the oil spill itself, the depletion allowance debate becomes buried in its own disorienting detail, in its pseudo-events and in the triviality of the "solutions" which ultimately come to be considered as the "real" options. Evil is both banal and complicated, and each of these attributes contributes to its durability.

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WHAT THE CITIZENS OF SANTA BARBARA learned through their experience was that the parties competing to shape decision-making on oil in Santa Barbara do not have equal access to the means of "mobilizing bias." The Oil/Government combine had, from the start, an extraordinary number of advantages. Lacking ready access to media, the ability to stage events at will, and a well-integrated system of arrangements for achieving their goals (at least in comparison to their adversaries), Santa Barbara's citizens have met with repeated frustrations.

Their response to their relative powerlessness has been analogous to that of other groups and individuals who, from a similar vantage point, come to see the system up close. They become willing to expand their repertoire of means of influence as their cynicism and bitterness increase. Letter writing gives way to demonstrations, demonstrations to civil disobedience. People refuse to participate in "democratic procedures" which are a part of the opposition's event-management strategy. Confrontation politics arises as a means of countering official events with "events" of one's own, thus providing the media with stories which can be simply and energetically told.

Thus, in Santa Barbara, rallies were held at local beaches; congressmen and state and national officials were greeted by demonstrations. (Fred Hartley of Union Oil inadvertently landed his plane in the middle of one such demonstration, causing a rather ugly name-calling scene to ensue.) A "sail-in" was held one Sunday with a flotilla of local pleasure boats forming a circle around Platform A, each craft bearing large anti-Oil banners. City hall meetings were packed with citizens reciting demands for immediate and forceful local action.

A City Council election held during the crisis resulted in a landslide for the Council's bitterest critic and the defeat of a veteran councilman suspected of having "oil interests." In a rare action, the News-Press condemned the local Chamber of Commerce for accepting oil money for a fraudulent tourist advertising campaign which touted Santa Barbara (including its beaches) as completely restored to its former beauty.

One possible grand strategy for Santa Barbara was outlined by a local public relations man and GOO worker, who said, "We've got to run the oil men out. The city owns the wharf and the harbor that the company has to use. The city has got to deny its facilities to oil traffic, service boats, cranes and the like. If the city contravenes some federal navigation laws [which such actions would unquestionably involve], to hell with it. The only hope to save Santa Barbara is to awaken the nation to the ravishment. That will take public officials who are willing to block oil traffic with their bodies and with police hoses, if necessary. Then federal marshals or federal troops would have to come in. This would pull in the national news media."

This scenario has thus far not occurred in Santa Barbara, although the continued use of the wharf by the oil industries has led to certain militant actions. A picket was maintained at the wharf for two weeks to protest the conversion of the pier from a recreation and tourist facility into an industrial plant for the use of the oil companies. A boycott of other wharf businesses (e.g., two restaurants) was urged. The picket line was led by white, middle-class adults—one of whom was a local businessman who, two years earlier, was a close runner-up in the Santa Barbara mayoralty race.

Prior to the picketing, a dramatic Easter Sunday confrontation (involving approximately 500 persons) took place between demonstrators and city police. Just as a wharf rally was breaking up, an oil service truck began driving up the pier to make a delivery of casing supplies for oil drilling. There was a spontaneous sit-down in front of the truck. For the first time since the Ku Klux Klan folded in the '30s, a group of (heavily) middle-class Santa Barbarans was publicly taking the law into its own hands. After much lengthy discussion between police, the truck driver and the demonstrators, the truck was ordered away and the demonstrators remained to rejoice over their victory. The following day's News-Press editorial, while not supportive of such tactics, was quite sympathetic, which was noteworthy given the paper's long-standing bitter opposition to similar tactics when exercised by dissident Northern blacks or student radicals.

A companion demonstration on the water failed to materialize. A group of Santa Barbarans was to sail to the Union platform and "take it," but choppy seas precluded a landing, and the would-be conquerors returned to port in failure.

It would be difficult to predict what forms Santa Barbara's resistance will take in the future. A veteran News-Press reporter who covered the important oil stories has publicly stated that if the government fails to eliminate both the pollution and its causes, "there will, at best, be civil disobedience in Santa Barbara and at worst, violence." In fact, talk of "blowing up" the ugly platforms has been recurrent—and it is heard in all social circles.

But just as this kind of talk is not entirely serious, it is difficult to know the degree to which the other militant statements are meaningful. Despite frequent observations about the "radicalization" of Santa Barbara, it is difficult to determine the extent to which the authentic grievances against Oil have been generalized into a radical analysis of American society. Certainly an SDS membership campaign among Santa Barbara adults would be a dismal failure. But that is too severe a test. People, particularly basically contented people, change their world-view very slowly, if at all. Most Santa Barbarans still go about their comfortable lives in the ways they always have; they may even help Ronald Reagan win another term in the state house. But I do conclude that large numbers of persons have been moved, and that they have been moved in the direction of the radical left. They have gained insights into the structure of power in America not possessed by similarly situated persons in other parts of the country. It can be a revealing shock to experience an event first-hand and then to hear it described, and distorted, by the press and the government. People extrapolate from such experiences to the possibility that official descriptions of other events may be similarly biased and misleading. And when these questions arise, deeper ones follow. As a consequence some Santa Barbarans, especially those with the most interest in and information about the oil spill, while still surrounded by comfort and certainty, have nevertheless come to view power in America more intellectually, more analytically, more sociologically—more radically—than they did before.

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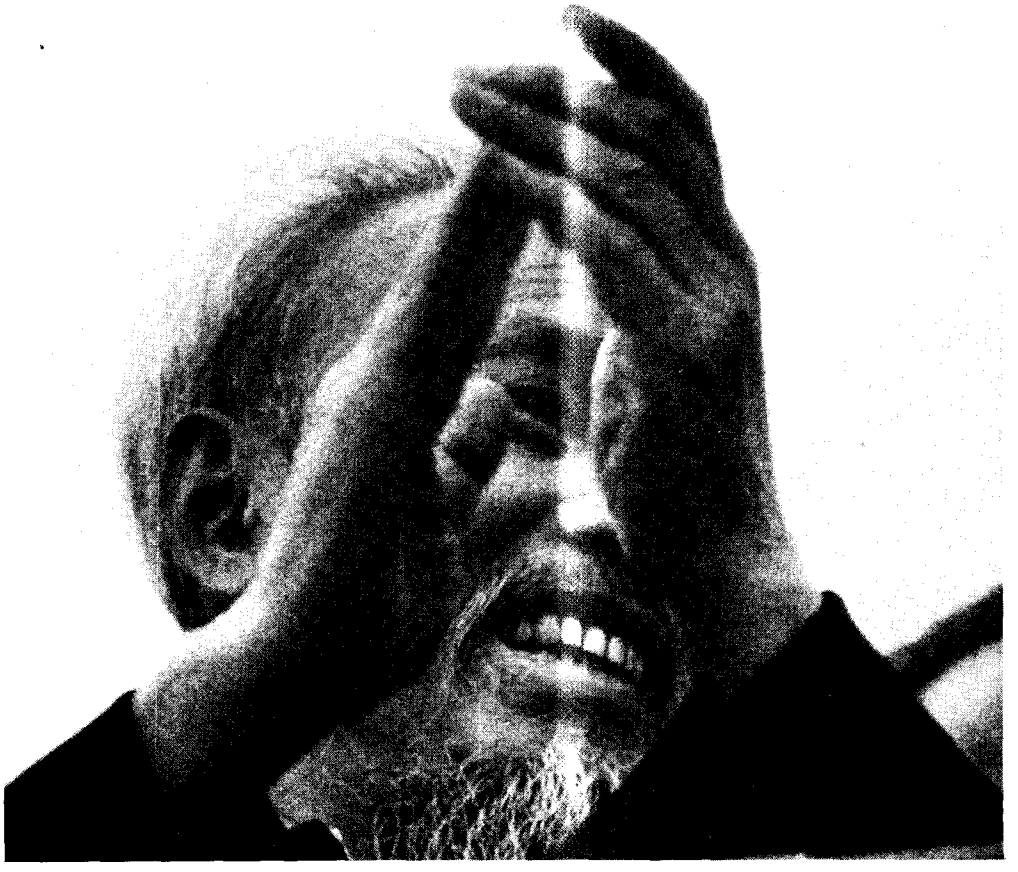

HO CHI MINH: a Eulogy

by Franz Schurmann

UNCLE HO, AS EVERY VIETNAMESE called him, died early in the morning of September 3 in Hanoi at the age of 79. For one week he lay in state in a glass coffin; his sandals, made from rubber tires, were in a small glass box at the foot of the coffin. He was buried in Hanoi's Badinh Square, where Vietnamese independence was proclaimed in August of 1945.

Obituaries giving the details of Ho's life have appeared in American papers, and their tone has been respectful but dry. None I have seen repeated Marshall Nguyen Cao Ky's venomous comment that "North Viet-Nam is now a snake without a head." Americans did not hate Ho Chi Minh the way they once did Tojo—a fact which made it difficult to mobilize sentiment against the yellow hordes of North Vietnamese threatening to land on California beaches. Nor did very many Americans see him as the Red Menace, which prevented our rulers in Washington from turning the war into an old-fashioned anti-communist crusade. Broadcasts from Saigon had the South Vietnamese "man-on-the-street" saying: "Ho Chi Minh was a great man—too bad he was not on our side." The New York Times necrologist put his finger on the dilemma when, in his opening lines, he credited Ho Chi Minh with blending nationalism and communism. As a nationalist, Ho was good; as a communist, he was bad. So it would appear that Uncle Ho was a split personality, agonizing constantly between good ends (nationalism) and bad means (communism).

Needless to say, this is not the way Uncle Ho was seen in Viet-Nam. When he wasn't called "Uncle," he was "Chairman Ho"—the word being taken more literally there than in other socialist countries. For over half a century, he presided over the men who fought and planned for their country. His manner was that of an old rural schoolteacher lecturing his pupils. On a more cosmic plane, Ho Chi Minh was the leader of the only nation which has administered a major defeat to the United States, the greatest empire of all times.

Nations and movements have leaders for three purposes: to lead them in the daily tasks of struggle, to unify men in the face of the conflicts which always arise to divide them, and to give them a vision of that for which they fight. A great leader is a commander, a conciliator, and a man of vision Ordinary leaders may have one of these qualities but lack the others. Lyndon B. Johnson was certainly a commander, but hardly a conciliator; such vision as he had went little beyond political manipulation. His successor Richard Nixon tries hard to be a conciliator, but has yet to show any capacity to command and makes no effort to hide his lack of vision. Ho Chi Minh, in the 60 years of his life as a revolutionary fighter, had all three capacities. From his earliest days in Paris, he took the lead in organizing groups of Vietnamese exiles; again and again he undertook dangerous political missions in Asia and Europe. In the midst of these revolutionary activities, he always managed at critical times to pull bitterly quarreling factions together into a new organizational unity. Ho's ability to unify moved the Vietnamese Revolution from the Indochinese Communist Party, to the Viêt Minh, to the Democratic Republic of Viet-Nam. His spirit will ultimately unify all of Viet-Nam. While Ho Chi Minh was not a theorist, he communicated to his people in simple terms a vision which is embodied in three words repeated again and again in every declaration by the Vietnamese: independence, unity, and sovereignty. The meaning of these words (which have lost much of their moral significance in America) is both the content of Ho Chi Minh's life and the spirit of the Vietnamese Revolution.

FROM LATE ADOLESCENCE to his death, Ho Chi Minh lived as a revolutionary fighter. His life can be divided into two broad periods. Until 1944, his own struggle and that of his comrades met with failure after failure

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Mass marches demanding an immediate end to the war in Vietnam will take place on November 15 in Washington, D.C., and in San Francisco. With your help and support, this will be the biggest antiwar action the country has ever seen.

President Nixon's announcement of a withdrawal of 40,500 U.S. troops from Vietnam is a sham; it's meant to buy time while G.I.'s and Vietnamese are continuing to die.

The New Mobilization to end the War in Vietnam is a coalition effort of American peace, labor, student and other organizations to mount a major offensive to stop the Vietnam war. Antiwar forces are being united as never before in building the November action.

A special feature of the November action will be a March Against Death, which will both symbolize and pay tribute to the Americans and Vietnamese who have been slaughtered in Vietnam.

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- **Immediate and total withdrawal from Vietnam**
- **Constitutional rights for G.I.'s**
- **An end to racism and poverty**
- **Defeat of ABM and related missile programs**
- **An end to repression and the freeing of political prisoners**

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—disappointments from which Ho nevertheless continually re-emerged to start some new revolutionary action. After 1944, the Vietnamese Revolution finally burst through, and his life became a series of hard-won victories leading to greater challenges and then to new successes. In his biography of Ho Chi Minh, Jean Lacouture has six chapters on the first period of Ho's life, the titles of which represent various aspects of his personality: the peasant, the emigrant, the militant, the unifier, the prisoner, the liberator. The experiences which formed the personality of Ho Chi Minh during the period of failure were the elements from which the period of success evolved.

Ho Chi Minh was born in what Americans call the panhandle of Viet-Nam, just north of the DMZ. Today the countryside is a lunar landscape produced by the most ferocious and sustained aerial bombing in history. In 1890, Nghê Tinh province was one of the poorest and most densely populated in Viet-Nam. Ho's father, who was a minor official there, was fired from his post by the French and died after a long life of wandering; his mother was a peasant.

Ho Chi Minh spent most of his life among the poor. In his early days, he lived with poor Vietnamese students. He worked as a cabin boy on a ship, a cook in London, and a photographer of family pictures in Paris. Even before he became a socialist, he had close friends among the French workers and the Africans and Arabs of Paris. In the 1930's, he was a begging monk in Northeastern Thailand, the poorest part of that country. During the ten years of war from 1944 to 1954, he lived in caves and jungle camps among his peasant fighters. For Ho, being a peasant meant living like the poor—an outlook symbolized by the sandals placed at the foot of his coffin.

In 1911 Ho left Viet-Nam for travels which did not end until 1945. Aside from political repression, the French, in collaboration with the old Vietnamese mandarins, had imposed a stifling regime on the country. The stupidity and avarice of the French colonials fitted in well with comparable characteristics of the mandarins, whose tradition reaches down to Thieu and Ky. In Viet-Nam Ho might have remained *un petit annamite*, as the French paternalistically called the people they ruled. Instead, he went to Paris where he learned to think, write and act. He also learned that to be a Vietnamese nationalist, he had to fight with the proletariats of other countries, and as a result he became one of the founding members of the French Communist Party.

When the French Socialists split after World War I, Ho went with the militants. His experiences at the Versailles Peace Conference of 1919 had propelled him into militancy. Inspired, like many other colonial peoples, by Wilson's rhetoric about national self-determination, Ho had put on his best clothes and gone to the great Palace of Mirrors to present moderate demands for Vietnamese self-determination, couched in Wilsonian language. He was literally thrown out of the palace. Ho, along with many of his fellow nationals, concluded that Vietnamese independence could be achieved only through more militant action. They organized strikes, uprisings and attacks on French military garrisons. Although many Vietnamese at that time yearned for the "general uprising" which would sweep the French out of Indo-China at one blow, Ho Chi Minh decided to take the longer road of organization. He went to Russia and became an active agent of the Comintern, which sent him to China to help the revolutionaries there.

In the 1920's, revolutionary agitation erupted in both China and Viet-Nam. But in 1927, Chiang Kai-shek, who had been brought to power by a nationalist revolution, turned on the Communists and killed every one he could lay his hands on. Meanwhile the ferment in Viet-Nam continued. In Ho's own province of Nghê Tinh, the peasants revolted and organized soviets on land wrested from the landlords. The French responded with a ferocious attempt to smash the movement.

As repression intensified, so did the quarrels within the revolutionary movement. The endemic tendency toward factionalism evident everywhere in Vietnamese politics splintered the movement into minute fragments, and the French Sûreté, the secret police, moved quickly to annihilate the fragments one by one, crushing the revolution. In desperation, the quarreling revolutionaries appealed to Ho, then in China, to help reunify the movement. Ho's abilities as a conciliator helped, but it was too late. Viet-Nam lay prostrate for a decade and a half. Ho was arrested in Hong Kong in the early '30s, where he was reputed to have died in a British prison.

In 1944, after spending almost a year in Chiang Kai-shek's prisons, Ho got the stroke of luck he had been waiting for. Chiang, in league with the Vietnamese Kuomintang, wanted to kill him. President Roosevelt, however, was seeking a way to prevent the French from getting back into Indo-China. Roosevelt's agents in China (notably the OSS) saw a way to achieve this objective by allowing Ho to organize a liberation movement to fight both the French and the Japanese. Thus, as a result of American pressure, Ho Chi Minh was freed.

Whatever the dark machinations of the Americans, the situation gave Ho Chi Minh his chance. Like a good commander, he seized the opportunity. On the one hand, he organized a broad coalition of the Vietnamese nationalists then in China—called the Viêt Minh, or Viet-Nam League. On the other, he organized armed guerrilla units to start fighting in the mountains of Western Tonkin. He himself went into the mountains to lead the battle. The core of these guerrilla units was the old revolutionaries of the Indo-China Communist Party who understood the need for organization, discipline, and patient struggle. By the summer of 1945, the Americans became alarmed that Ho Chi Minh was getting too independent, that he "really was a Communist." When the Japanese withdrew in August, the general uprising that the Vietnamese revolutionaries had yearned for for two decades took place. The people in the cities seized the colonial administration and welcomed Ho Chi Minh and his guerrilla bands as the liberators of Viet-Nam. In August 1945, Ho Chi Minh proclaimed the Democratic Republic of Viet-Nam.

Ho Chi Minh's brilliant success, wrested from years of failure, was short-lived. French troops again landed in Viet-Nam and with them came the old colonials, determined to bring back the good old days of French Indo-China. The French government invited Ho Chi Minh to Paris to negotiate some kind of understanding, but soon after he returned from Paris, the French colonials and their Vietnamese henchmen struck in Hanoi. Ho fled back to the hills.

The resistance went badly during the first few years. The French did not hesitate to use the same barbarism against the Vietnamese which they themselves had, only a few years earlier, suffered at the hands of the Germans. French aircraft bombed villages and French troops burned houses—in the same way the Americans are doing now on a much larger scale.

continued on next page

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In one day of French naval bombardment, 6000 people were killed in Haiphong. Gone was the international support that Ho had received in 1945. The Americans backed the French; Russia had other things to worry about in Eastern Europe. Mao Tse-tung's forces were far away in North China fighting a civil war of their own. Each year from 1946 to 1954, the French announced that the Viêt Minh was on its last leg; time and time again French statistics indicated that the last Viêt Minh soldier had been killed. But this time French repression was unable to do what it had succeeded in doing in the early 1930's.

The new unity of the Viêt Minh was symbolized by the men who became Ho Chi Minh's lieutenants: Pham Van Dong, skilled at coordinating and conciliating; Vo Nguyen Giap, one of the great military commanders of the twentieth century; Lê Duan, party organizer; Truong Chinh, theoretician of revolution. Unlike the experience of the 1920's and 1930's, the leaders of the Viêt Minh developed an unbreakable solidarity which diffused a spirit of unity and struggle to all the Viêt Minh fighters. Adversity now unified rather than split the ranks of the revolutionaries. What had changed?

The most striking difference between the late '20s and the late '40s was the locus of revolutionary activity. In the '20s, the revolutionaries had met in clandestine cells in Paris, Canton and various Vietnamese cities. True, currents of mass revolutionary discontent were swirling in Viet-Nam, but the revolutionaries had no binding ties to the people. Now they were literally among peasants and mountain people, depending on them for sustenance and for fighting strength. They were not merely guests in strange villages, but comrades who aroused the spirit of revolution in those villages. Ho Chi Minh brought a spark which ignited the flames of rebellion in village after village; landlords were chased out and their land taken by the peasants; colonial officials and mandarins who had fattened themselves off the people were eliminated, often by execution; French and mercenary troops who for years had plagued the countryside were defeated in battle. Ho Chi Minh realized that revolution could not begin in Hanoi; rather it had to begin in the villages and end in Hanoi. In the '20s, the Vietnamese revolutionaries had

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been mainly intellectuals. In the '40s, most of the leaders of the revolution were still intellectuals, but through years of fighting they had developed a close relationship to the people.

HO CHI MINH LEARNED to become a peasant revolutionary, but he was also a Communist with long experience in organization. He knew that if the revolution were not organized, the flames of rebellion would subside without contributing to the final goal: the smashing of colonial power. He also knew that while nationalism gave him widespread sympathy throughout Viet-Nam, it did not give him the troops he needed to win the war. The revolution had to be organized. Ho's field commanders turned the Viêt Minh into one of the finest fighting forces in the world, surpassed only by the National Liberation Front. His party cadres built a political network reaching deep into the cities. His administrators constructed a government which operated effectively throughout Viet-Nam long before his troops marched into Hanoi in 1954. What the Viêt Minh did in the years 1946-1954, the National Liberation Front has done again in South Viet-Nam. Their final march into Saigon will be the last link in a chain which has been long in the forging.

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Ho Chi Minh realized that nationalism was a powerful unifying force, and that communism—in the sense of a Leninist party—provided the commanding and organizing force for the revolution and the armed struggle. But the experiences of 1946-1954 brought a third element into the picture: the liberation of the poor. Viet-Nam was controlled by a thin layer of French colonials who thrived on bureaucratic profits and the exploitation of plantations, by Vietnamese mandarins who lived on feudal sinecures, and by landlords who squeezed the peasants with impunity. The great land reform launched by the Viêt Minh in the early 1950's made the vision of the liberation of the poor a reality; it also furnished the Viêt Minh with the key weapon for their victory.

In 1953, the French decided that the time had come for the final solution. The United States, freed from the burdens of the Korean War, threw massive resources behind the French to enable them to execute their "Navarre Plan." While the Vietnamese could count on increased Chinese aid by then, their main weapon was men. The French counted on destroying the Viêt Minh regulars in a series of air-supported actions, while pacifying the villages of Tonkin through terror. Theoretically, French actions should have killed so many Viêt Minh fighters that the Viêt Minh would have melted away. In fact, however, General Giap struck back with greater manpower than ever before. No man can be coerced to fight, as the French and the Americans discovered with their own Vietnamese hirelings. Exactly as had happened in China in 1946, the radical land reform rallied the peasantry to the Viêt Minh in the most meaningful way possible: they took up arms and fought to the death for the movement led by Ho Chi Minh.

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The CONSPIRACY

ACCUSED OF CROSSING STATE LINES IN AN UNLAWFUL FRAME OF MIND, EIGHT POLITICAL ACTIVISTS ARE NOW ON TRIAL IN CHICAGO FEDERAL COURT. THEY HAVE BEEN INDICTED NOT FOR ALLEGED CRIMINAL ACTS, BUT FOR PRESUMED "INTENT."

They are accused of conspiracy "to incite, organize, promote, encourage, participate in and carry on a riot" in the streets of Chicago during the week of the Democratic National Convention. The indictment of these eight men—the first under the controversial "Anti-riot" provision of the Civil Rights Act of 1968—is the most ominous challenge to political liberty since the era of Senator Joseph McCarthy. Their trial marks the opening of a calculated effort to dissolve organized dissent in America, and to silence those that the new Deputy Attorney General, Mr. Kleindienst, has branded "our modern ideological criminal."

The accused are: David Dellinger, Rennie Davis, Tom Hayden, Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Lee Weiner, John Froines and Bobby Seale. Each defendant, if convicted, faces up to ten years in federal prison and $20,000. in fines. Confronted by a blatant challenge to the right of political dissent, the eight defendants are determined to make a political response as well as a legal defense. As a sign of their refusal to be intimidated by the scare label the prosecution would hang upon them, they are calling themselves "The Conspiracy."

Despite the emphatic opposition of then-Attorney General Ramsey Clark and civil libertarians in the Congress, the "Anti-riot" rider was hastily attached to the Civil Rights Act of 1968 in the wake of the urban riots that followed the murder of Martin Luther King. The measure was specifically directed at "outside agitators" in the civil rights movement.

The effect of the "Anti-riot" act is to subvert the First Amendment guarantee of free assembly by equating organized political protest with organized violence and premeditated incitement. In this decade, countless Americans have participated in organized demonstrations and protests—boycotts, freedom rides, community organizing, the peace movement. They have revitalized democratic politics. Yet, from Bull Connor's Birmingham to Richard Daley's Chicago, civil authorities have employed police violence to suppress "the right of the people peaceably to assemble." The spectres of conspiracy, incitement and riot have been invoked again and again. The federal government has now joined the assault on political freedom. Potentially, the "Anti-riot" act is the foundation for a police state in America.

Acts of violence, incitement and disruption are explicitly covered by numerous state and local laws. Conspiracy, which deals not with acts but intent, requires no proof of the commission of a crime, or even of an attempt; As Mr. Justice Robert Jackson wrote a decade ago: "that elastic, so sprawling and pervasive offense, the modern crime of conspiracy is so vague that it almost defies definition."

The federally commissioned Walker Report, as well as the mass media, made it clear that the principal responsibility for acts of violence that occurred during Convention week lay with the Chicago authorities. The spuriousness of the present conspiracy indictment is further indicated in the fact that several of the eight defendants have helped to organize major public demonstrations in other cities, both before and after the week of the Democratic National Convention.. Not one of these demonstrations resulted in riot.

Through the trial "The Conspiracy" intends to refocus public attention on the root issues that brought thousands of demonstrators to Chicago—the war, racism, the continuing enfeeblement of the nation's political processes. At the same time, the defendants will carry forward the first constitutional challenge to the "Anti-riot act."

Support for the Chicago legal defense is most urgently needed—to preserve the Constitutional right of political dissent; to insure that the costly and protracted process of litigation does not effectively stifle the act of dissent when it is more than ever crucial to the democratic political life.

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The torrent of American writing that has appeared on Viet-Nam has generally recognized all this about the Vietnamese struggle. The legions of political advisors and political scientists hired by the American occupiers of Viet-Nam know about the nationalist appeal, communist organizational strength, and the effects of land reform. They have tried for years to get the South Vietnamese to use the same methods. But how can satraps and their mercenaries attract any patriotic sentiment? South Viet-Nam's most effective organizations are the police and the paratroopers. Land reform (aside from paper legislation) cannot occur in American-occupied South Viet-Nam, as whatever force the Saigon regime still has would vanish. It is Ho Chi Minh's greatness that he was able to forge nationalism, communism and popular liberation into a force which now has successfully resisted the incredible violence which America has unleashed against Viet-Nam.

From 1954 on, Ho Chi Minh became a statesman, the president of a republic, his lieutenants carrying the burden for him. He was then 64 years old, and had every right to become a venerable schoolteacher. Immediately upon his death, the American mass media eagerly speculated on the "power struggles" which they believed would surely erupt in Hanoi. But Uncle Ho became the spirit of Viet-Nam long before his death, and it was his spirit as much as the man himself which led his people, unified them and inspired them again and again with the vision of independence, unity and sovereignty.

Uncle Ho knew that all Vietnamese wanted to be free. "The little annamites" wanted no more French colonials, no more fat landlords, mandarins or generals, no more kindly Americans helping them to happiness with bombs and dollars. (No master ever understands how much his slave wants to be free.)

Ho also knew that for centuries his people had been driven apart. Under the French, thousands of Vietnamese went abroad to work in mines and plantations. During the war against the French and the Americans, millions were driven from their homes into strange overcrowded cities and refugee camps. Vietnamese politics was traditionally a chaos of cliques and sects. Poverty and war tore families apart. Ho Chi Minh taught his people that they could get independence and unity by fighting for it, and his

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100,000 signed this Declaration during the JOHNSON Administration.
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Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that the U.S. is violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

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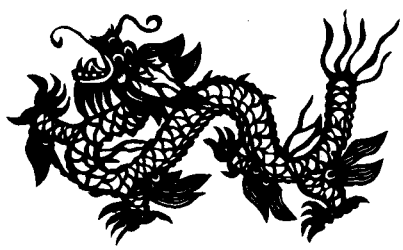

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movement gave them the means to do so. And lastly, Ho Chi Minh told the Vietnamese that they must be sovereign.

Sovereignty means that all men must have the dignity of being masters in their own houses and respected hosts to strangers. Ho Chi Minh's first newspaper was entitled The Pariah, which is how he saw his own people and all others oppressed by colonialism. The yearning for dignity is one of the most powerful aspirations in men; it is the yearning to be respected by others. But one cannot command or extort respect. It must be given willingly. Ho Chi Minh knew that no amount of propaganda or begging could give the Vietnamese the respect they wanted—either from the socialist countries or from the world as a whole. The Vietnamese have fought for that dignity, that respect, and they have it today more than any other people. GI's in Viet-Nam speak respectfully of "Victor Charlie," while reviling the ARVN's. The most corrupt South Vietnamese politicians cannot hide their envy of the National Liberation Front. Recently in the American mass media, Ho Chi Minh has been portrayed with a sympathy rarely shown even to leaders of the "free world." Beyond this grudging respect from those who kill the Vietnamese, is the admiration of millions throughout the world.

One of the slogans most often seen in North Viet-Nam is "*quyet thanh*," which means "determined to win." The Vietnamese are a gentle people, often sentimental, loving leisure and the other good things in life. But inside they are stubborn to a degree which has become apparent to Americans over the years. Uncle Ho shared all these qualities of his countrymen. As the leader of the Vietnamese Revolution he was determined to win. His death has made his people even more determined to win the struggle they have fought for so long.

Franz Schurmann is a professor of history and sociology at U.C. Berkeley. He is the author of Ideology and Organization in Communist China *(University of Calif. Press).*

CORRESPONDENCE

[ECO-CATASTROPHE]

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Shhh!

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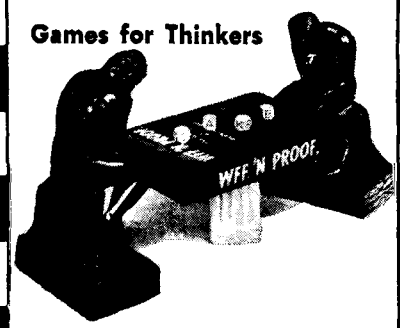

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and Dr. Ehrlich correctly implied how the underlying and causative problems of overpopulation and technocratic suicide outweigh "purely" political dilemmas. We have declared war, not only on every species of wildlife, on every body of water and land on earth; nor only on the underdeveloped and the poverty-stricken, but finally on ourselves. The whole earth is becoming, like the less monied regions of our American empires, a vast ghetto, where only rats, garbage and misery remain, and industry is the slumlord.

DAVID C. MACKENZIE
New York

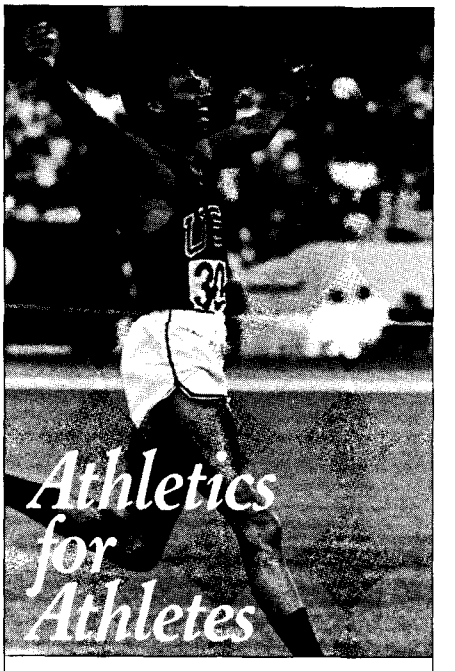
SIRS: Hard though it will be for the average reader to believe, Dr. Ehrlich's scenario for the next ten years is the most optimistic and favorable one possible. He has left several factors out of consideration. 1) Deforestation is now proceeding so fast that within those ten years the world may well run short of wood and above all of paper. 2) This, plus overgrazing, urbanization and bad farming, is leading to soil erosion so great that in ten years a significant percentage of the world's soil will be in the oceans—making a much worse mess of them than Ehrlich predicts.

3) Urban sprawl proceeds at 1,000,000 plus acres a year in the U.S., and correspondingly in other countries. The effects of this on energy balance, erosion, pollution, etc., are obvious enough already. 4) More people and more use of resources must necessarily mean more control. More control means more commitment to the status quo. This makes totally utopian Dr. Ehrlich's beliefs that the U.S. will awaken to its troubles by 1973. Instead, the controllers will easily convince the people that their problems are due to blacks, students and radicals.

5) Starvation, worldwide, will be much worse than Dr. Ehrlich predicts. The "Green Revolution" has not even touched the problems of protein shortage and vitamin C shortage. These shortages are the leading causes of serious malnutrition in the world. Thus deaths will be much more numerous and come much sooner than predicted.

Our lives are at stake. We must fight like anyone, any animal, in a corner.

E. N. ANDERSON, JR.
Assist. Prof. of Anthropology
Univ. of Calif., Riverside



Jack Scott, America's most prominant New Left sports writer, covered the Mexico City Olympics for RAMPARTS and is the author of "The White Olympics," an article which appeared in last year's April-May issue of RAMPARTS.

"Jack Scott's book places the world of athlete and the coach directly in the context of conflict within our society. It is an important book because it tells clearly and directly what many American males do not want to hear—that their heroes are real human beings and that many of them are young and angry. It tells that there is no neutral place where one can retreat and forget about race and poverty and colonialism and authoritarianism. It is a political book about athletics, a committed book that may itself have an influence on moving our society to value the joy of all free learning, mental and physical."

—from foreword by Herbert Kohl, author of 36 CHILDREN

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JAMAICAN YOUTH

Appropriate for year-round use. Artist/illustrator Don Miller created this watercolor. Inside cover presents "The Negro Speaks of Rivers" by Langston Hughes. "I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of human blood in human veins . . ." 6-9/16 x 5¹/₂.

FATHER AND SON

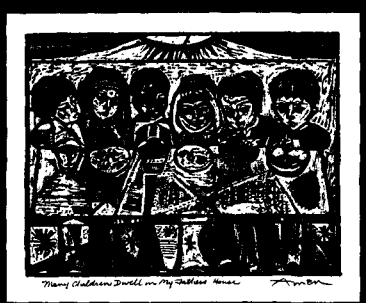
Another fine work by Don Miller, appropriate for year-round use. The quotation from W. E. DuBois' The Souls of Black Folk: "One ever feels his twoness—an American, a Negro . . ." No Holiday message. 6¹/₂ x 5¹/₄.

DOVES

For year-round use, by artist/designer Luis Romero. The quotation from Anne Frank: "I still believe that people are really good at heart . . . if I look up into the heavens, I think that it will all come right and that peace and tranquility will return again." No message inside. 6¹/₂ x 5¹/₄.

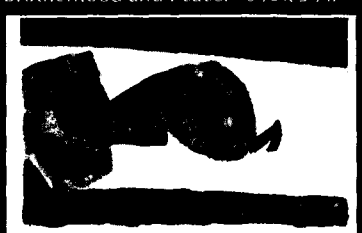
CONGO MOTHER AND CHILD

For year-round use, by Don Miller. The quotation from Frantz Fanon: "Every time a man has contributed to the victory of the dignity of the spirit, every time a man has said no to an attempt to subjugate his fellows, I have felt solidarity with his act." No Holiday message. 6¹/₂ x 5¹/₄.



MANY CHILDREN

This woodcut by Irving Amen is inspired by the biblical quote: "Many Children Dwell in My Father's House." The message inside: "Holiday Greetings and Best Wishes for a New Year of Brotherhood and Peace." 6¹/₂ x 5¹/₄.



SLEEPING INFANT °

This beautiful card, a silk screen in shaded tones, is the work of artist Gregorio Prestipino. The message inside is a quotation from James Baldwin: "The moment we cease to hold each other, the moment we break faith with one another, the sea engulfs us and the light goes out." 7 x 4³/₈.

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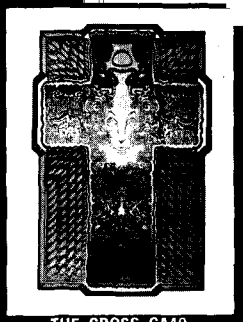

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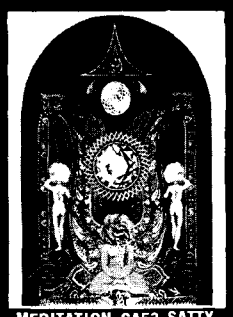

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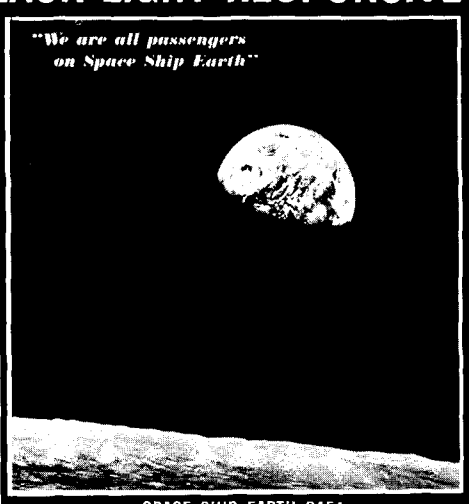

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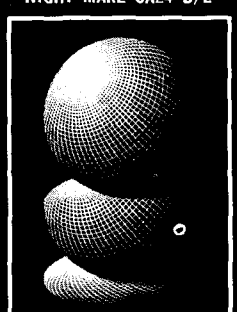

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